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Poetry

A Magazine of Verse

OCTOBER, 1913

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OUR MODERN EPIC—PARIS—REVIEWS—NOTES

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THE TWO KINGS

WE RIDE but slowly though so near our home."
King Eochaid* said, and he that bore his shield
Sighing replied: "What need have we for haste
Towards the hour for speaking of the dead?
My married sister put into my care
A boy of twenty years; — a mound and stone
Between the wood of Duras and Magai
Have been the measure of that care." But Eochaid,
Having no thought but for his queen Edain,
Outrode his troop that after twelve months' war
Toiled with empounded cattle through th : mire,
And came into a wood as the sun set
Westward of Tara. Where in the middle wood
A clump of beech trees made an empty space
He thought to have given his horse the spur, but saw,

*Eochaid is pronounced Yohee.

Between the pale green light of the beech leaves
And the ground ivy's bluer light, a stag
Whiter than curds, its eyes the tint of the sea.
Because it stood upon his path and seemed
More hands in height than any stag in the world
He sat with tightened rein amazed, his horse
Trembling beneath him, and then drove the spur
Not doubting to have shouldered it away.
But the stag stooped its heavy branching horns,
And ran at him, and passed, and as it passed
Ripped through the horse's flanks. King Eochaid reeled,
But drew his sword, and thought with levelled point
To stay the stag's next rush. When sword met horn
The horn resounded as though it had been silver.
Horn locked in sword, they tugged and struggled there
As though a stag and unicorn were met
In Africa on mountain of the moon,
Until at last the unlocked horn had torn
Through the entrails of the horse. Dropping his sword
Eochaid seized both the horns in his strong hands
And stared into the sea-green eyes, and so
Hither and thither to and fro they trod
Till all the place was beaten into mire.
The strong thigh and the agile thigh were met —
The hands that gathered up the might of the world,
And hoof and horn that had sucked in their speed
Amid the elaborate wilderness of the air.

ICU

Through bush they plunged and over ivied root
And where the stone struck fire, while in the leaves
A squirrel whinnied and a bird screamed out;
But when at last he forced those sinewy flanks
Against a beech bole he threw down the beast
And knelt above it with drawn knife. On the instant
It vanished like a shadow, and a cry,
So mournful that it seemed the cry of one
Who had lost some unimaginable treasure,
Wandered between the blue and the green leaf
And climbed into the air, crumbling away
Till all had seemed a shadow or a vision
But for the trodden mire, the pool of blood,
The disembowelled horse. King Eochaid gazed,
And then, as terror-stricken as a child
Who has seen a garden image or twisted tree
In the half light, and runs to its own door
Its terror growing wilder at every foot-fall,
He ran towards the house his fathers built
On peopled Tara, nor stood to draw his breath
Until he came before the painted wall,
The posts of polished yew, circled with bronze,
Of the great door; but though the hanging lamps
Showed their faint light through the unshuttered windows,
Nor door, nor mouth, nor slipper made a noise,
Nor on the ancient beaten paths, that wound
From well side or from plough land, was their noise;

And there had been no sound of living thing
Before him or behind, but that far-off
On the horizon edge bellowed the herds.
Knowing that silence brings no good to kings,
And mocks returning victory, he passed
Between the pillars with a beating heart
And saw where in the midst of the great hall,
Pale-faced, alone upon a bench, his wife
Sat upright with a sword before her feet.
A kind mild woman had she been, who poured
Her beauty as the constellations pour
Their richness through the summer and the spring;
But now she had no mild and no kind look:
Her hands on either side had gripped the bench,
Her eyes were cold and steady, her lips tight.
Some passion had made her stone. Hearing a foot
She started and then knew whose foot it was;
But when he thought to take her in his arms
She motioned him afar, and rose and spoke:
"I have sent out into the fields and woods
The fighting men and servants of this house,
For I would have your judgment upon one
Who is self-accused. If she be innocent
She would not look in any known man's face
Till judgment has been given, and if guilty,
Because that were a guilt against her king,
Will never look again on known man's face."

And at these words he paled, as she had paled,
Knowing that he should find upon her lips
The meaning of that monstrous day.
Then she:
"You brought me where your brother Ardan sat
Always in his one seat, and bid me care him
Through that strange illness that had fixed him there,
And should he die to heap his burial mound
And raise his pillar stone." King Eochaid said,
Gazing upon her with bewildered eyes:
"If he be living still the whole world's mine,
But if not living, half the world is lost."
"I bid them make his bed under this roof,
And carried him his food with my own hands,
And so the weeks passed by. But when I said,
'What is this trouble?' he would answer nothing,
Though always at my words his trouble grew.
And I, that I might find and stub it out,
But asked the more until he spoke these words,
Weary of many questions: 'There are things
That make the heart akin to the dumb stone.'
Then I replied: 'Although you hide a secret,
Dearer than any that the dumb stone hides,
Speak it, that I may send through the wide world
For medicine.' Thereon he cried aloud:
'Day after day you question me, and I,
Because there is such a storm amid my thoughts
I shall be carried in the gust, command

Forbid, beseech and waste my breath.' Then I:
'Although the thing that you have hid were evil
The speaking of it could be no great wrong;
And evil must it be, if done 'twere worse
Than mound and stone that keep all virtue in
And loosen on us dreams that waste our life,
Shadows and shows that can but turn the brain.'
But finding him still silent I stooped down,
And, whispering that none but he should hear,
Said: 'If a woman has put this on you
My men, whether it please her or displease,
And though they have to cross the Loughlan seas
And take her in the middle of armed men,
Shall make her look upon her handiwork
That she may quench the rick she has fired, and though
She may have worn silk clothes, or worn a crown,
She'll not be proud, knowing within her heart
That our sufficient portion of the world
Is that we give, although it be brief giving
Happiness to children and to men.'
Then he, driven by his thought beyond his thought,
And speaking what he would not though he would,
Sighed: 'You, even you yourself could work the cure.'
And at those words I rose and I went out
And for nine days he had food from other hands,
And for nine days my mind went whirling round
The one disastrous zodiac, muttering
That the immedicable wound's beyond

Question of ours, beyond our pity even.
But when nine days had gone I stood again
Before his chair, and bending down my head
Told him, that when Orion rose, and all
The women of his household were asleep,
To go — for hope would give his limbs the power —
To an old empty woodman's house that's hidden
Close to a clump of beech trees in the wood
Westward of Tara, there to await a friend
That could, as he had told her, work his cure,
And would be no harsh friend.

"When night had deepened
I groped my way through boughs, and over roots,
Till oak and hazel ceased and beech began,
And found the house, a sputtering torch within,
And, stretched out sleeping on a pile of skins,
Ardan; and though I called to him and tried
To shake him out of sleep I could not rouse him.
I waited till the night was on the turn,
Then fearing that some labourer, on his way
To plough or pasture land, might see me there
Went out.

"Among the ivy-covered rocks,
As on the blue light of a sword, a man
Who had unnatural majesty, and eyes
Like the eyes of some great kite scouring the woods,
Stood on my path. Trembling from hand to foot
I gazed at him like grouse upon a kite,

But with a voice that had unnatural music
'A weary wooing and a long,' he said,
'Speaking of love through other lips and looking
Under an alien eyelid, for it was my craft
That put a passion in the sleeper there,
And when I had got my will and drawn you here,
Where I may speak to you alone, my craft
Sucked up the passion out of him again
And left mere sleep. He'll wake when the sun wakes,
Push out his vigorous limbs and rub his eyes
And wonder what has ailed him these twelve months.'
I cowered back upon the wall in terror
But that sweet-sounding voice ran on: 'Woman,
I was your husband when you rode the air,
Danced in the whirling foam and in the dust
In days you have not kept in memory,
Being betrayed into a cradle; and I come
That I may claim you as my wife again.'
I was no longer terrified, his voice
Had half wakened some old memory,
Yet answered him: 'I am King Eochaid's wife,
And with him have found every happiness
Women can find.' With a most burning voice
That made the body seem as it were a string
Under a bow, he cried: 'What happiness
Can lovers have that know their happiness
Must end at the dumb stone, but where we build
Our sudden palaces in the still air

Pleasure itself can bring no weariness,
Nor can time waste the cheek, nor is there foot
That has grown weary of the whirling dance,
Nor an unlaughing mouth, but mine that mourns,
Among those mouths that sing their sweethearts' praise,
Your empty bed.' 'How should I love,' I answered,
'Were it not that when the dawn has lit my bed
And shown my husband sleeping there I have sighed,
'Your strength and nobleness will pass away.'
Or how should love be worth its pains were it not
That when he has fallen asleep within my arms,
Being wearied out, I love in man the child?
What can they know of love that do not know
She builds her nest upon a narrow ledge
Above a windy precipice?' Then he:
'Seeing that when you come to the death-bed
You must return, whether you would or no,
This human life blotted from memory,
Why must I live some thirty, forty years,
Alone with all this useless happiness?'
Thereon he seized me in his arms, but I
Thrust him away with both my hands and cried:
'Never will I believe there's any change
Can blot out of my memory this life
Sweetened by death, but if I could believe
That were a double hunger on my lips
For what is doubly brief.'
"But now the shape,

My hands were pressed to, vanished suddenly.
I staggered, but a beech tree stayed my fall,
And clinging to it I could hear the cocks
Crow upon Tara."
She had fixed her eyes
Upon Kind Eochaid's face, who lowered his face
And touched her forehead with his lips and said:
"I thank you for your kindness to my brother,
And for the love that you have shown your king,
For that you promised, and for that refused."

Thereon the bellowing of the empounded herds
Rose round the walls, and through the bronze-ringed door
Jostled and shouted those war-wasted men,
And in the midst King Eochaid's brother stood.
He'd heard that din on the horizon's edge
And ridden out to welcome them, and now,
Giving his hand to that man and to this,
Praised their great victories and gave them joy
Of their return to that ancestral house.

William Butler Yeats

INDIAN SUMMER

(After completing a book for one now dead.)

(O Earth-and-Autumn of the Setting Sun,
She is not by, to know my task is done!)
In the brown grasses slanting with the wind,
Lone as a lad whose dog's no longer near,
Lone as a mother whose only child has sinned,
Lone on the loved hill and below me here
The thistle-down in tremulous atmosphere
Along red clusters of the sumach streams;
The shrivelled stalks of goldenrod are sere,
And crisp and white their flashing old racemes.
(. . . forever . . . forever . . . forever . . .)
This is the lonely season of the year,
This is the season of our lonely dreams.

(O Earth-and-Autumn of the Setting Sun,
She is not by, to know my task is done!)
The corn-shocks westward on the stubble plain
Show like an Indian village of dead days;
The long smoke trails behind the crawling train,
And floats atop the distant woods ablaze
With orange, crimson, purple. The low haze
Dims the scarped bluffs above the inland sea,
Whose wide and slaty waters in cold glaze
Await yon full-moon of the night-to-be.
(. . . far . . . and far . . . and far . . .)

These are the solemn horizons of man's ways,
These the horizons of solemn thought to me.

(O Earth-and-Autumn of the Setting Sun,
She is not by, to know my task is done!)
And this the hill she visited, as friend;
And this the hill she lingered on, as bride —
Down in the yellow valley is the end:
They laid her . . . in no evening Autumn tide . . .
Under fresh flowers of that May morn, beside
The queens and cave-women of ancient earth . . .

This is the hill . . . and over my city's towers,
Across the world from sunset, yonder in air,
Shines, through its scaffoldings, a civic dome
Of piled masonry, which shall be ours
To give, completed, to our children there . . .
And yonder far roof of my abandoned home
Shall house new laughter . . . Yet I tried . . . I tried . .
And, ever wistful of the doom to come,
I built her many a fire for love . . . for mirth . . .
(When snows were falling on our oaks outside,
Dear, many a winter fire upon the hearth) . . .
(. . . farewell . . . farewell . . . farewell . . .)
We dare not think too long on those who died,
While still so many yet must come to birth.

William Ellery Leonard

TO A MOCKING BIRD

O Singer of the twilight solitude!
When moss-veiled oaks sigh at my weary dream,
Beside the sullen heron-haunted stream,
Thy laughing voice begins its gay prelude,
Mocking the boding owl with mimic scream;
Then o'er the hushed lagoon the night mists brood,
Till, sudden, throbbing with beatitude,
Rises thy vesper hymn of love supreme.
No old-world myth, no tragic love refrain
Dost thou to everglade and bayou tell;
So joyous is thy high exulting strain
My sad heart wakes to hope beneath the spell.
Faint grows the memory of passion's pain,
Forgotten is the song of Philomel.

Owen F. Aldis

SEA AND LAND

An ocean wind came in at break of day.
I saw it span the level water floor
And gain the bare hills of a listless shore
That in the yellow sunlight waiting lay.
I saw the blue sea coming o'er the gray
As sweeps across a life unstirred before
A breath of new creation evermore
To blow in fresher currents on its way.
On came the breeze, its forward gusts outflung
Fanwise in eager haste to reach the strand.
And oh the sweetness of the first breath drawn!
It is a common thing, but seldom sung,
This blessed meeting of the sea and land,
The great sea-freshening of the world at dawn.

Herbert J. Hall

AN AEROPLANE AT STONEHENGE

We stood at Stonehenge as the evening fell.
A mist had gathered and the reddened sun
Glowed like an altar-fire upon the edge
Of Salisbury Plain. The aged stones,
To whom our thousand years of fear and hope,
Of war and peace, were but as yesterday,
Merged into the shadows. The solemn night,
The mystery, the burden of gray Time
Awed us to silence. And then, from the heart
Of that age-wonted stilness sprang and grew
The iterant throbbing of an aeroplane;
And over our Druid world the marvel sped
And vanished.

With the breaking of the spell
Our thought turned to the gradual perfecting
Of this, the century's new gift to man,
With all its ruthless toll of human life;—
And suddenly the place in which we stood
Grew peopled with strange forms. A priest was there
With naked blade; and prone before him lay
A victim on whose pallid face was writ
The passion of a willing sacrifice.
And spirit unto shrouded spirit spake:
"I give; ye gain; but shall it always be
That life must take its wage of life, and men
Must die that Man may win the goal he seeks?"

And as we turned away, the mighty stones
Seemed dumbly questioning the quiet stars.

Edmund Kemper Broadus

TO THEE

White foam flower, red flame flower
On my tree of delight.
Lean from the shadow
Like singing in sorrow —
Pale flower of thy smile, flame flower of thy touch,
In my night.

CAPRICE

Who will be naming the wind
That lifts me and leaves me;
Swelleth my budding flame,
Foully bereaves me?
From the land whose forgotten name
Man shall not find,
Blowest thou, wind?

Clara Shanafelt

THE OLD HOME

They've torn the old house down, that stood,
Like some kind mother, in this place,
Hugged by its orchard and its wood,
Two sturdy children, strong of race.

The shrubs, which snowed their blossoms on
The walks wide-stretching from its doors
Like friendly arms, are dead and gone,
And over all a grand house soars.

Within its front no welcome lies,
But pride's aloofness; wealth, that stares
From windows, cold as haughty eyes,
The arrogance of new-made heirs.

Its very flowers breathe of cast;
And even the Springtide seems estranged;
In that stiff garden, caught, held fast,
All her wild beauty trimmed and changed.

'T is not the Spring that once I knew,
Who made a glory of her face,
And, robed in shimmering light and dew,
Moved to wild music in this place.

How fair she walked here with her Hours,
Pouring out colors and perfumes,
And, with her bosom heaped with flowers,
Climbed by the rose-vines to its rooms.

Or round the old porch, 'mid the trees,
Fluttered a flute of bluebird song;
Or, murmuring with a myriad bees,
Drowsed in the garden all day long.

How Summer, with her apron full
Of manna, shook the red peach down;
Or, stretched among the shadows cool,
Wove for her hair a daisy crown.

Or with her crickets, night and day,
Gossiped of many a fairy thing,
Her sweet breath warm with scents of hay
And honey, purple-blossoming.

How Autumn, trailing tattered gold
And scarlet, in the orchard mused,
And of the old trees taking hold
Upon the sward their ripeness bruised.

Or, past its sunset window-panes,
Like thoughts that drift before old eyes,

Whirled red leaves and the ragged rains,
And crows, black-blown, about the skies.

How Winter, huddled in her hood
Of snow and sleet, crouched by its flues;
Or, rushing from the stormy wood,
Rapped at its doors with windy news . . .

It lived. The house was part of us.
It was not merely wood and stone,
But had a soul, a heart, that thus
Grappled and made us all its own.

The lives that with its life were knit,
In some strange way, beyond the sense,
Had gradually given to it
A look of old experience.

A look, which I shall not forget,
No matter where my ways may roam.
I close my eyes: I see it yet —
The old house that was once my home.

Madison Cawein

WANDER SONG

I pass with Time from place to place,
 Like Time, return no more;
Always a new, immortal face
 To greet me at the door.

Friends alter not, nor love grows cold,—
 No change in life is rung;
For me the old were always old,
 The young are always young.

I pass with Time from place to place,
 Like Time, return no more;
Always a new, immortal face
 To greet me at the door.

ALONE

I walk the streets restless, unknown,
Then back to this one room, alone.
I turn and fret in aimless quest
And fruitless yearnings unexpressed.
I curse the silence of the years;
And life-long worries grow to fears
And fierce regrets none understands —
Feeling my life slip through my hands.

QUATRAINS

GOD SAID

God said: "The hero's part, to play it,
The flowers of life, the good of ill,
Are yours if you but say, *I will*"—
And do you know? I could not say it!

TO THE SPHINX

O Spirit of the Changeless Past,
What think'st thou of our present state?
Thou look'st quite through us, and beyond —
The eyes of Death gazing at Fate.

LIBERTY

A thousand years ago begun
The fight for liberty,
A thousand battles have been won —
And still we are not free.

LIMITATIONS

We look through telescopes to see
Infinity;
And with the blocks of time build up
Eternity.

FEAR

Fear gave the antelope its speed,
The bird its wings;
And half the world is saved by flight
And fear of things.

THE FAITHFUL

As the kneeling Mussulman
 To Mecca turns to pray,
So my heart, dear, turns to thee
 And never turns away.

TO KNOW AND NOT TO KNOW

Not to know is Hate
 That in cruelty wreaks its fears.
To know is Love,
 And Pity is Love in tears.

THE DESERT

Stricken by the hand of Fate,
All things, motionless, await
The rain that never comes; no hope
In cloudless skies. Far westward slope
Low bastioned hills without a tree,
Dead-guarding some dread mystery.

The land lies far in weary miles,
Under the sun, across the sands.
An aromatic scent beguiles—
Of sage, sole plant in arid lands.
From desert floors, wind-swept, arise
Dust clouds like smoke unto the skies.

Alfred Hitch

EDITORIAL COMMENT

OUR MODERN EPIC

ONE who goes to Panama with eyes not too narrowly focused must see, in the making of the Canal, the proportions of a great myth. Prometheus the fire-bringer, Ulysses the wanderer, Siegfried the dragon-slayer, are not more typical of humanity in heroic action and heroic hope than this modern piercing of the Isthmus. And as truly as the heroes of myth were dreamers surrounded by magic and mystery, who must exert their little human strength in league with the gods, so do these modern adventurers reach out into the unknown with their diabolically perfect tools, making not only a waterpath for ships but a new highway for the fate of nations.

Even in our wide-stretching centre of the continent, where Atlantic and Pacific are three thousand miles apart, the effort to bring them together carries a certain poetic glamor. But as one escapes from under the New York skyscrapers and sails southward into tropic seas, the poem grows in dignity, finally culminating in epic grandeur in the presence of the work itself. On the boat there are always people whose talk opens unknown lands. A Yankee banana-planter, a Peruvian mining engineer, the New York president of an Ecuador railroad—through

the experiences of such as these South America emerges from the map to take significant and aggressive life, life which must dominate some future era; and the Central Americas, with Mexico as well, act out an immediate melodrama, staged by certain familiar Interests who, under the pressure of government control, are beginning to find life too dull in the United States. All these countries to the south, hitherto abstractions to most of us Europe-wanderers, are suddenly full of events and big with potentialities. We behold destiny stretching her long arm southward from the chosen seat of our security, and Our Canal becomes the focal point in the politics of the coming age.

And then Panama, the ridiculous little republic which, by a twist of Roosevelt's wrist, rose to the honor of providing a background for our epic! Colon and Panama, the drowsy little palm-fanned, African-peopled villages between which, from ocean to ocean, the Colossus stretches its stern length! The contrast strikes a note of grotesque humor in the poem, records the abysmal absurdity of human ambition. And the delicate blue ripple of hills along the horizon, the tangle of green jungles at one's feet, the serene beauty of Gatun Lake, which is spreading over half the Isthmus as if by a happy afterthought of Nature—these are fine details, each worthy of a perfect phrase.

Thus the pilgrim is adequately prepared. In his imagination the project has won strange aspects, far vistas, before he follows the flight of locks at Gatun, or climbs out of the new gorge and up the ancient hill at Culebra. If he is wise he talks with everyone he meets —riveters, concrete-mixers, wire-stringers, commissary clerks, steam-shovellers fighting slides, physicians fighting microbes, designers planning new terminal towns, and the big chief himself whom all these others adore with an almost feudal loyalty. In their smiling faces and eager voices he recognizes the old spirit of derring-do; here for the moment he finds the frontier of the world. The adventurous, the imaginative are here, writing our modern epic of peace with heavier tools than sword or pen, in materials more solid than words or blood.

And they are heroically conscious of what they do. Somehow they have caught fire; from least to greatest they show the gleam of it in their eyes. They are shoulder to shoulder in the van of the race, working in a spirit of high romance to fulfil the edict of four centuries and the august command of the veiled and beckoning future. True, they invoke all the resources of many sciences, fitting the parts of their huge machine together in orderly obedience to the most newly discovered laws, and explaining the inexorable working of them in the modern Greek of their electro-hydraulic jargon; but not even themselves do they deceive with this mechanical exactness, this materialistic definition. Beyond the deed, for all

these rapt enthusiasts, is the miracle; beyond the fact is the mystery; beyond the mere daily labor which digs the ditch and rears lock-chambers, is the prophetic enthusiasm which foresees something vaguely grand in this new world-venture, which beholds destiny beckoning from the lofty tip of every steam-shovel, and a new era opening with the swing and surge of those mighty gates.

These men on the Isthmus, performing seven thousand labors of Hercules with their giant tools, removing mountains and uniting oceans in a mood of lyric rapture—these men, our strong compatriots, are poets, in imagination and idealistic motive if not in words.

Will the articulate poets prove worthy of them?

H. M.

PARIS

The limitations of space forbid our giving anything like a complete or adequate chronicle of contemporary French publications. Those who desire such a chronicle should follow M. Duhamel's fortnightly rubric in the *Mercure de France*, and they should subscribe to *L'Effort Libre*, *Les Bandeaux d'Or*, *La Nouvelle Revue Francaise*, or some other French magazine.

I have just finished a series of critical articles on French verse (*The New Age*, Sept. 4 and following). I propose to give here merely a summary of my conclusions.

I think if our American bards would study Remy de Gourmont for rhythm, Laurent Tailhade for delineation,

Henri de Régnier for simplicity of syntactical construction, Francis Jammes for humanity, and the faculty of rendering one's own time; and if they would get some idea of intensity from Tristan Corbière (since they will not take their Villon in the original), there might be some hope for American poetry.

If our writers would keep their eye on Paris instead of on London—the London of today or of yesterday—there might be some chance of their doing work that would not be *démodé* before it gets to the press. Practically the whole development of the English verse-art has been achieved by steals from the French, from Chaucer's time to our own, and the French are always twenty to sixty years in advance. As the French content and message are so different from the American content and message, I think the Americans would be less likely to fall into slavish imitation and would learn hardly more than the virtues of method.

Tristan Corbière is dead. His work was known to Verlaine and to Richepin, yet he can scarcely be said to have been published until the nineties. He is gaunt as the Breton coast, where his personal appearance had earned him the nickname of an *ankou* (a corpse). Verlaine compared him to Francois Villon, not without reason. He is not Villon, but he is poignant and very much himself.

The work of M. Henri de Régnier has the fineness and the limitations of Greek vase-painting.

M. Remy de Gourmont has made a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of rhythm-structure in his very beautiful *Livre de Litanies*, now contained in *Le Pélerin du Silence*.

The satires of M. Laurent Tailhade are altogether uproarious and delectable.

The work of M. Francis Jammes is perhaps the most varied and the most human. Its qualities are such that the two papers by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, recently printed in this magazine, might have been written for the express purpose of praising it. I am inclined to think that he is the most important poet in France, but my reading is not exhaustive and this must be taken as a temporary estimate.

M. Verhaeren is held by some to be the greater poet. M. Paul Fort has been elected *Prince des Poètes*. I do not wish to speak of M. Paul Claudel until I have had time to study him entire both in his prose and in his verse.

Most of the younger men would seem to be descended from these authors.

M. Jules Romains is perhaps the most commanding figure among *les jeunes*. He has, as they say, "*changé la pathétique*." There is a very clear exposition of the Unanimist doctrines at the end of *Les Puissances de Paris*. I recommend the *Poème Epique* in *Un Etre en Marche* and the *Prières* in *Odes et Prières*.

M. Charles Vildrac has a charming narrative gift, and M. André Spire is something very like an Imagiste.

M. Henri-Martin Barzun stands apart from the rest and preaches "Simultaneity," which is to say, he wishes us to write our poems for a dozen voices at once as they write an orchestral score. M. Jammes has done something like this in *Le Triomphe de la Vie*. M. Barzun's ideas, as expressed in *L'Ere du Drame*, are interesting, and *L'Hymne des Forces* moved me by its content and underlying force rather than by its execution. The proletariat would seem to be getting something like a coherent speech. This seems to me significant. Though M. Barzun's propositions may seem, at first, fitted for comic rather than for serious expression, I am not sure that he has not hit upon the true medium for democratic expression, the fitting method of synthesis.

Those desiring an introduction to a greater number of French poets are referred to: *Poètes d'Aujourd'hui*, by A. Van Bever and Paul Leautaud, pub. *Mercure de France*, 26 rue de Conde, Paris; *Une Anthologie*, pub. *L'Effort Libre*, Galerie Vildrac, 11 rue deSeine; and to F. S. Flint's notes in *Poetry and Drama*, especially the number for August, 1912.

I know that the most difficult part of approaching a foreign literature, especially the contemporary foreign literature, consists in finding what books to begin on. I know that I spent about four years puddling about on the edges of modern French poetry without getting

anywhere near it. I therefore give the following list of books for the convenience of those who want to read books worth while, and who want to form some general and not inaccurate idea of what the term "Modern French Poetry" means: Tristan Corbière: *Les Amours Jaunes;* pub. A. Messein, 19 Quai Saint-Michel. Henri de Régnier: *Oeuvres,* or *Les Jeux Rustiques et Divins,* and *Les Médailles d'Argile;* Mercure de France. Laurent Tailhade: *Poèmes Aristophanesques;* Mercure. Remy de Gourmont: *Le Pélerin de Silence:* Prose works: *Le Latin Mystique, Les Chevaux de Diomèdes,* etc.; Mercure. Francis Jammes: *De l'Angélus de l'Aube a l'Angélus du Soir, Le Deuil des Primevères, Le Triomphe de la Vie, Clairières dans le Ciel,* and prose works; Mercure.

This list is not intended to be complete. I simply refer you to those books which are, among those I have had time to go over, the most worth reading. I have mentioned none that is not very much worth reading. M. Rimbaud is also very important, if you do not know him already. Among the younger men I should note Jules Romains: *Un Etre en Marche* (to be read before *Odes et Prières;* also prose works; Mercure. Charles Vildrac: *Livre d'Amour*; pub. Eugène Figuière, 7 rue Corneille. Henri-Martin Barzun: *Hymne des Forces;* prose, *L'Ere du Drame;* Figuière. André Spire: *Versets;* Mercure. Also *Alcools,* by Guillaume Apollonaire (Mercure), is clever.

Ezra Pound

REVIEWS

Child of the Amazons, by Max Eastman. Mitchell Kennerley.

In the initial poem of this book, Mr. Max Eastman presents, under the thin veil of a classic myth, a problem essentially modern; modern, that is, in the peculiar emphasis placed upon it by the majority of people who write about such subjects today.

Thyone, one of the younger Amazons, has fallen in love with a neighboring king, and, before the Queen of the Amazons and a council of her warriors, pleads to be allowed to relinquish war and indulge the milder passion. She spends a night thinking it over, however, and informs us of the error of her first impulse in the following nobly explanatory lines:

> Oh I love to live!
> The task and the adventure, toil and rest,
> And mirth and the hot news of accident!
> I love to live, impetuous, for joy
> And woe, a life of action unto God!
> Triumphantly I choose it! I renounce
> My wish of love, my hope, my fruitful years!
> For who would be the consort of a king,
> Subduer of the earth, and be subdued?
> Who would bring into this heroic world
> A child, before she had gone forth to prove
> That she herself was equal to the world?

This is the kind of sentiment that passes with many as the most advanced modern thought. "Before she had gone forth"—where? "To prove that she herself was equal to the world"—how? By retreating from it? It seems to be a part of certain modern socialist

propaganda to regard love as apart from life; as not in itself, perhaps, the one great conflict of life, and one not subject to conquest by negation. It is, rather, extremely doubtful if one may come to any fitting terms with life without first facing the conflict of love through experience. The world is, after all, not outside us, but within us.

But this is a question of personal philosophy, rather than of poetry. Other poems in the volume achieve a more definite poetic impression than this one, in which the reiterative iamb is awkwardly insistent. Notably three shorter poems—*At the Aquarium*, *In March*, and *Diogenes;* if it were not for these the general impression would be disappointing, especially as Mr. Eastman's recent book, *The Enjoyment of Poetry*, had led one to expect so much. In this he gave us a singularly concise and intimate analysis of the psychological basis of poetry; it was, in fact, a definite contribution to the subject. But the poems of Mr. Eastman fail just because of his analytical attitude; the emotion is not direct, but deflected. He has written *about* the emotion; he has not presented it. Is it a fault of temperament? Is he appreciative rather than creative? Or is it a failure in adjusting, in focusing, in concentrating deliberately upon the poetic medium? Mr. Eastman knows well enough how to single out the words that give a sense of life. We wish that he would give us more of them in his poetry. *At the Aquarium*, and several of the other short poems

in the volume are worth innumerable children of Amazons and still-born apostrophes of heroes. We quote *At the Aquarium:*

Serene the silver fishes glide,
Stern-lipped, and pale, and wonder-eyed!
As through the aged deeps of ocean,
They glide with wan and wavy motion!
They have no pathway where they go,
They flow like water to and fro.
They watch with never-winking eyes,
They watch with staring, cold surprise,
The level people in the air,
The people peering, peering there,
Who wander also to and fro,
And know not why or where they go,
Yet have a wonder in their eyes,
Sometimes a pale and cold surprise.

A. C. H.

Poems and Songs (second series), by Richard Middleton. Fisher Unwin.

These are the poems of a distinguished amateur who is nearly always a poet. And as amateurishness is the note of the time in contemporary England, it may be well contended that he expresses his decade. And surely few will reproach him that he cared little for the steely perfections of art, seeing that there is in his work so much that is sympathetic, so much that is human, and so much pathos that is in no way egotistic.

He wrote many poems that will not serve as models, but scarcely one without some touch of beauty that was distinctly his own, and interpreted by his own emotions.

His poetry is primarily poetry of the emotions, and intended for readers rather than for the cold senate of

craftsmen. And so one finds this *Carol of the Poor Children:*

> We are the poor children, come out to see the sights
> On this day of all days, on this night of nights.
>
> Our bellies are so empty we have no singing voice.
> But on this night of all nights good children must rejoice.
>
> We do rejoice, we do rejoice as hard as we can try.
> A fine star, a new star is shining in the sky.

Lovers of Riley will go mad over him. He is artistically about as good as Symons and he proves that English poetry did not stop with the nineties. His first volume appeared posthumously in May, 1912. There can be no hesitation in granting him a permanent place among the personalities of English verse, among the post-Victorians.

E. P.

NOTES

The awarding of prizes is a responsibility which the editors of *Poetry* would willingly have delegated to some higher authority. But at present there is no great poet sitting in judgment, to whom lesser poets may appeal—none, that is, in America. Mr. Yeats, over in Ireland, stands high enough above the crowd to assume that position with dignity, but even if he were willing to pronounce the verdict, it would seem unfair that poets of the United States should have no voice in the awarding of a prize, or prizes, offered by our guarantors. And any

jury of American poets would include necessarily some of our contributors of the past year, who should be contestants rather than judges.

It seems best, therefore, that this year's prizes should be awarded by the editors and the Advisory Committee of *Poetry*, who of course will not compete. The announcement of awards will be made next month.

Of the poets contributing to this number Mr. Yeats and Mr. Cawein are well known to lovers of the art and readers of *Poetry*. Mr. Broadus also, of the University of Alberta, has been within our gates before.

Mr. William Ellery Leonard was class poet in 1898 at the Boston University, after which he took an M. A. at Harvard and other degrees in Germany. Since 1906 he has been in the English department of the University of Wisconsin, and has published several books of verse and prose, *The Vaunt of Man* (B. W. Huebsch) being his collected poems. His blank verse translation of Lucretius will soon appear.

Of the other contributors none has published a volume as yet, although Mr. Hall and Miss Driscoll have appeared in numerous magazines. *Poetry* has the honor of introducing Mr. Alfred Hitch, of Arizona, and Miss Clara Shanafelt, of Ohio. Mr. Owen F. Aldis also has published little as yet.

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Poetry

A Magazine of Verse

Edited by Harriet Monroe

NOVEMBER, 1913

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To a Captive Crane
The Mountains are a Lonely Folk
Hamlin Garland
The Coming of Hippolytus, Margaret Sackville
The Procession . . . M. D. Armstrong
The Irish Fairies
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Poetry
A Magazine of Verse

VOL. III
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November, 1913.

MAGIC

Within my hand I hold
A piece of lichen-spotted stone—
Each fleck red-gold—
And with closed eyes I hear the moan
Of solemn winds round naked crags
Of Colorado's mountains. The snow
Lies deep about me. Gray and old
Hags of cedars, gaunt and bare,
With streaming, tangled hair,
Snarl endlessly. White-winged and proud,
With stately step and queenly air,
A glittering, cool and silent cloud
Upon me sails.
The wind wails,
And from the cañon stern and steep
I hear the furious waters leap.

A GRAY SUNSET

She sits to watch the evening sun,
Her gnarled hands folded on her knees.
Upon her hair the river breeze
Lays light cool palm. Her work is done.
She rests as one who fears to rest.
With chin upthrust she seems to wait
A summons—some dread footstep at the gate—
Her breath scarce lifts her lean bent breast.

Her wayward sons are all afar;
Her daughters drudge for tired men.
Her husband's grave lies up the glen,
And she, the sport of some grim star,
Sits there alone with dim dull eyes.
Of what she dreams I cannot tell.
Her pains have fitted her for hell—
Her deeds should lift her to the skies.

It seems God cursed her at the start;
She was foredoomed to toil and pain.
She has no higher prize to gain
Than rest, and endless quietude of heart.
Hunger, and solitude, the agony of birth,
The numbing dulness of the daily task
She has not shunned; she does not ask
Her God to free her from the earth.

TO A CAPTIVE CRANE

Ho, brother! Art thou prisoned too?
Is thy heart hot with restless pain?
I heard the call thy bugle blew
Here by the bleak and chilling main,
(Whilst round me shaven parks are spread
And cindered drives wind on and on);
And at thy cry, thy lifted head,
My gladdened heart was westward drawn.

O splendid bird! your trumpet brings
To my lone heart the prairie springs.

THE MOUNTAINS ARE A LONELY FOLK

The mountains they are silent folk
 They stand afar—alone,
And the clouds that kiss their brows at night
Hear neither sigh nor groan.
 Each bears him in his ordered place
As soldiers do, and bold and high
They fold their forests round their feet
And bolster up the sky.

Hamlin Garland

THE COMING OF HIPPOLYTUS

SCENE: *A high Tower overlooking the sea.*

Phaedra. The singing women move about the streets
With gold between their breasts, their garments sway
About them with little murmurs—as a wind
Murmurs through the deep heart of a forest,
Broken and fugitive and soft. Their song
Is but the wind's murmuring turned to song:
Nurse, is it happiness that bids them sing,
Who sing to welcome thus my lord's return?

The Nurse. Wilt thou not also greet King Theseus?

Phaedra. Nay, for the heat lies heavily upon me—
The white heat, the intolerable heat,
The heat which has sucked my soul away from me,
Which melts the stone even. See it lies
Palpitating along the balustrade.
I cannot raise my head to sweep away
This lock which presses heavily on my forehead;
I cannot turn my head, nor raise my eyes
Beyond the shadow on the further wall.
See the great golden banner, how it droops!
There is no veil betwixt the earth and sun.
How should I rouse myself to meet the King?

The Nurse. So shouldst thou show more fair in the King's sight.

Phaedra. Let thy shadow fall between me and the sun—

Speak not to me of Theseus. Am I not
Phaedra, God's daughter? Is not my face white,
Consumed and wasted as a funeral pyre?
Because the blood beneath it burns it to ashes?
Like flakes of fire my days are falling from me,
Visibly one by one, since God has wrought
Fearfully his being into mine.
And what have I to do with mortal man?
The Nurse. Yet art thou wedded to Theseus, and his wife,
And meet it is thy soul should bend to him.
Phaedra. Why did no god come to me? Am I then
Less fair than my sister, who was loved of a god?
Is not my heart wild enough, and my love—
Are not its wings strong and tempestuous,
Wide reaching and far roaming o'er hill and sea,
Enough to satisfy any god's desire?
Am I not too a goddess, half-revealed
Through a close clinging veil of irksome flesh,
Which tortures me, till I would fly beyond
The furthest barriers of the confined world?
Does not sharp fire sting me in hands and feet?
The Nurse. Thou art ever restless thus—yet turn thy gaze
From the proud heavens which have no care for thee.
Phaedra. For me there is no comfort. I am wrought
With doubtful blood; for me there is no rest—
Not in heaven, nor yet among the shades;

Certainly not on earth. How amongst men
Or gods shall such as I find comfort? How
In whom the god's wars with the woman's blood,
Who even in death shall be a twofold thing?

The Nurse. Yet art thou Queen here; thy will made thee Queen.

Phaedra. It was the will of Theseus made me Queen—
Who, being blind, loved me; and I was blind
And saw only the gold shining round his brows,
And saw the brow beneath was calm as death,
And no ambiguous light in the calm eyes.
And I said his calmness shall be to my soul
As twilight soothing with grave hands the sea;
Now is my soul like a rag torn in shreds.

The Nurse. Lovest thou not King Theseus?

Phaedra. I can hate:
I can no longer love. And who am I
To be bound thus to the slow wheel of earth?
I can hate, as a god hates, whom men forget,
All men—all gods—but mostly my lord the King,
Who has brought me weary love and a dull heart.

The Nurse. This cup is evil, drink thou not of it.

Phaedra. This cup is evil—I will drink deep of it:
I am outcast from love. Let the sea rage
And the rain beat on the brown earth pitilessly,
It shall not rage nor be pitiless as I!

The Nurse. Thou art a child, whose quick and petulant speech

Scatters thy soul like sparks. Do I not know thee,
And how thou wert ever thus?—yea, and wouldst spurn
With thy uneasy hands, even my breast!

Phaedra. Oh peace! How weary am I of mortal speech!

And of the gods who love me not—but I
Equally hate them. Nay, there is one I love,
One goddess, Aphrodite; I have sought
Her temples with white gifts and gifts of fire—
Prayers which gushed forth like blood from a pricked wound.
Yet she hears not—nothing she recks of me!

The Nurse. She is a dangerous goddess—speak not of her!

Phaedra. Why wilt thou tarnish life with thy grey tongue?

Her only do I worship. I will go
At once and offer sacrifice. Prepare
Wine and spiced cakes and myrtle wreaths and flowers,
For all my soul is eager to wait on her!

The Nurse. Yet canst not meet the King?

Phaedra. Let the King be:
Nay but I am weary—nay I will not go.
I tire of Aphrodite, even of her—
And of all things, and of my most impotent heart,
Which dares not stop from beating. Would I were
Strong like that fierce-limbed Queen Hippolyta
The King once loved, who rules the clamorous tribe

Of Amazons—gaunt women with one breast,
Who war with men and conquer. Yea and Theseus
Brings, does he not, even now from that far land
The son she bore him, grown a man to plague us?—
The gods alone know wherefore!
The Nurse. It may be
This son shall prove a son to thee and bring
Unto thy manifold heart comfort and love!
Phaedra. To me shall he bring no comfort. How should one
Sprung from King Theseus bring me comfort? Yet
Surely a strange soul must be his, conceived
In a womb not used to child-bearing, and reared
With dangers for his play-fellows since birth,
Among the forests and dark scattered rocks,
The winds with wings like shadows, and the fierce
Sun burning the highest pinnacles of the hills!
The Nurse. Behold, they come! and lo, King Theseus' brow
Is cloudy, seeing thee not: crane forth thy head!
Phaedra. [*She advances to the balcony and looks over.*]
Ah! he is straight as a young sapling, a tree
Shining white in a dark wood! I have seen his eyes
Once, in a wild dream I had once; and his lips
A little cruelly curved, like a drawn bow;
His hand, which would not spare though it should smite
Her he loved—yea deeper because he loved her

Would he smite, and no pity dim those eyes of his.
I hate him from the bottom of my soul!
The Nurse. Wilt thou not go to meet thy lord?
Phaedra. I hate
Him from the bottom of my soul. Give me
My veil and crown—I go to meet my lord.

Margaret Sackville

THE PROCESSION

Paven gray,
The triumphal way
Clove the plain like a javelin-head,
Circled the hill in a broad progression
And up to the white acropolis sped:
Waiting the feet of the great procession
It lay to the noonday sun outspread.

Ninety columns of rough-hewn granite
Edged the way in a lordly line—
Rocks hewn down
From a mountain-crown
In giant ages by kings divine:
Each—the leap of a man might span it—
Towered as high as a forest pine.

Dust looms gray
Down the pillared way,
Foaming to gold where the sun breaks in.
They are coming. The noise grows deeper and duller:
See through the great blocks, out and in,
Flashes of sharp and insolent color
Leap through the crowd with the marching din!

The rumor thickens:—a fear! wonder!
Neighings and shouts and the tramp that casts

Like a smoking pyre
The white dust higher!
The pikes are clustered like harbor-masts,
The chariot-wheels on the pavement thunder,
And the horses leap at the trumpet-blasts.

The heralds troop
In a serried group;
The long bright shafts of their trumpets rise
Like sun-rays over a mountain shooting;
Fire on the bright brass flashes and flies,
Fierce as the raucous music bruiting
Triumph up to the holloing skies.

Banners wavered with lazy flappings
Over the tall crests dancing there.
Like beasts afraid
The long horns brayed
Harsh through the hot and dusty air,
And greens and scarlets of robes and trappings
Threaded the rocks with a sultry glare.

Now they strode
Up the mounting road,
Their rich barbaric music sounding
Tawny and fierce, till it shrank and paled,
As the carolling cohort dwindled, rounding
The curve of the hill, and its echoes hailed
Far, from the loftier crags rebounding.

Fires from the foundering sun-ship curdle
Westering cloud-banks. High and afar,
The marching lines
On the curved inclines
Gleam like a string of jewels that star
The breast of the towering hill they girdle
With emerald, ruby and golden spar.

In the phoenix-glow
Of the sunset, lo
A crown of fire was the far-seen crowd
High on the terraced summit swaying.
The hill that rose to the evening cloud
Stood like an altar where, after the slaying,
Flames of the offering leapt and bowed.

And over that ocean of men impassioned,
Men whom the current of life bore high,
In the great repose
Of godhead rose,
Throned august in the golden sky,
From the pure white splendor of marble fashioned,
The porch of the Temple of Victory.

M. D. Armstrong

THE IRISH FAIRIES

When Eber came to Kerry,
 When Guaire gave his gold,
Then were we young and merry
 Who now are old.

The green and the gray places,
 Then were they green and gray:
We saw but shining faces
 And open day.

We saw but shining faces,
 The sickle moon of night,
White queens in royal places,
 And jewels bright.

We heard but beauty spoken,
 Red war and passion sung,
Music on harp-strings broken,
 When we were young.

What is the morning plougher
 To us, whose ancient dream
Is as a fallen flower
 Upon a stream?

The glen travails with ploughing
 That once was green and still:
The sower follows sowing
 Over the hill.

THE PUCA

The Puca's come again,
Who long was hid away
In cave or twilight glen:
Too shy, too proud to play
Under the eye of day.

I saw him dance and skip
But now in the beech wood,
Wild rhymes upon his lip
And laughter in his blood.
I envied him his grip
Upon the sunny mood.

Then altered he his note
To one of weariness:
He shook his hairy coat,
The double of distress,
And cried deep in his throat
For gall and bitterness.

The Puca

The Puca's gone again
To sleep his wits away
In cave or twilight glen:
Too shy, too proud to stay
Under the eye of day.

Joseph Campbell

NOTE. The Puca seems essentially an animal spirit. Some derive his name from *poc*, a he-goat; and speculative persons consider him the father of Shakespeare's Puck. On solitary mountains and among old ruins he lives, "grown monstrous with much solitude," and is of the race of the nightmare.—W. B. Yeats, *Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry*.

"PASSE ROSA"

Cecelia del Balzo, wife of Amadeus IV, Duke of Savoy, was so called in the twelfth century throughout all Europe.

More beautiful than roses! Eight centuries have rolled
Their hundred cycles o'er you,
And still we may adore you,
Reading the printed pages where your history is told.

More beautiful than roses! O lady, dear and dead,
The daughters of a strange new race
Ponder on your amazing grace,
And picture your white hands and sunny head.

More beautiful than roses! You have been dead so long!
Where is the sweet, white breast of you?
And where the golden crest of you?
And where the men who bled for you, fighting through right and wrong?

More beautiful than roses! Upon your grave today
The violets that were your eyes
Are smiling to Aosta's skies,
Eight hundred years ago you went that way.

More beautiful than roses! Sometimes your eyes were filled
With bitter tears you might not shed,
And now your griefs and you are dead.
And yet, through Time, the crucible, your perfume is distilled.

Louise Driscoll

ANCORA

Good God! They say you are *risqué!*
O canzonetti,
We who went out into the four A. M. of the world,
Composing our albas;
We who shook off our dew with the rabbits;
We who have seen even Artemis a-binding her sandals,
Have we ever heard the like! O mountains of Hellas!

Gather about me, O Muses!
When we sat upon the granite brink in Helicon
Clothed in the tattered sunlight,
O Muses with delicate shins,
O Muses with delectable knee-joints,
When we splashed and were splashed with
The lucid Castalian spray,
Had we ever such an epithet
Cast upon us!

SURGIT FAMA

Fragment from an unwritable play

There is a truce among the gods,
Korè is seen in the North
Skirting the blue-gray sea
In gilded and russet mantle.

The corn has again its mother and she, Leuconoë,
That failed never women,
Fails not the earth now.

The tricksome Hermes is here;
He moves behind me
Eager to catch my words,
Eager to spread them with rumor;
To set upon them his change
Crafty and subtle;
To alter them to his purpose;
But do thou speak true, even to the letter:

"Once more in Delos, once more is the altar a-quiver.
Once more is the chant heard.
Once more are the never abandoned gardens
Full of gossip and old tales."

THE CHOICE

It is true that you say the gods are more use to you
than fairies,
But for all that I have seen you on a high, white, noble
horse,
Like some strange queen in a story.

It is odd that you should be covered with long robes
and trailing tendrils and flowers;
It is odd that you should be changing your face and
resembling some other woman to plague me;
It is odd that you should be hiding yourself in the cloud
of beautiful women, who do not concern me.

And I, who follow every seed-leaf upon the wind!
They will say that I deserve this.

APRIL

Three spirits came to me
And drew me apart
To where the olive boughs
Lay stripped upon the ground:

Pale carnage beneath bright mist.

GENTILDONNA

She passed and left no quiver in the veins, who now—
Moving among the trees, and clinging
in the air she severed,
Fanning the grass she walked on then—endures:

Gray olive leaves beneath a rain-cold sky.

LUSTRA

I

O helpless few in my country,
O remnant enslaved!

Artists broken against her,
A-stray, lost in the villages,
Mistrusted, spoken-against,

Lovers of beauty, starved,
Thwarted with systems,
Helpless against the control;

You who can not wear yourselves out
By persisting to successes,
You who can only speak,
Who can not steel yourselves into reiteration;

You of the finer sense,
Broken against false knowledge,
You who can know at first hand,
Hated, shut in, mistrusted:

Take thought.
I have weathered the storm,
I have beaten out my exile.

II

The little Millwins attend the Russian Ballet.
The mauve and greenish souls of the little Millwins
Were seen lying along the upper seats
Like so many unused boas.

The turbulent and undisciplined host of art students—
The rigorous deputation from "Slade"—
Was before them.
With arms exalted, with fore-arms
Crossed in great futuristic X's, the art students
Exulted, they beheld the splendors of *Cleopatra*.

And the little Millwins beheld these things;
With their large and anaemic eyes they looked out upon
this configuration.

Let us therefore mention the fact,
For it seems to us worthy of record.

III *Further Instructions*

Come, my songs, let us express our baser passions.
Let us express our envy for the man with a steady job
and no worry about the future.

You are very idle, my songs,
I fear you will come to a bad end.

You stand about the streets. You loiter at the corners
and bus-stops,
You do next to nothing at all.
You do not even express our inner nobility,
You will come to a very bad end.

And I? I have gone half cracked.
I have talked to you so much
that I almost see you about me,
Insolent little beasts! Shameless! Devoid of clothing!

But you, newest song of the lot,
You are not old enough to have done much mischief.
I will get you a green coat out of China
With dragons worked upon it.
I will get you the scarlet silk trousers
From the statue of the infant Christ at Santa Maria
Novella;

Lest they say we are lacking in taste,
Or that there is no caste in this family.

XENIA

I. *The Street in Soho*

Out of the overhanging gray mist
There came an ugly little man
Carrying beautiful flowers.

II

The cool fingers of science delight me;
For they are cool with sympathy,
There is nothing of fever about them.

III

Rest me with Chinese colors,
For I think the glass is evil.

IV

The wind moves above the wheat—
With a silver crashing,
A thin war of metal.

I have known the golden disc,
I have seen it melting above me.
I have known the stone-bright place,
The hall of clear colors.

V

O glass subtly evil, O confusion of colors!
O light bound and bent in, O soul of the captive,
Why am I warned? Why am I sent away?
Why is your glitter full of curious mistrust?
O glass subtle and cunning, O powdery gold!
O filaments of amber, two-faced iridescence!

VI

Go, my songs, seek your praise from the young and
from the intolerant,
Move among the lovers of perfection alone.
Seek ever to stand in the hard Sophoclean light
And take your wounds from it gladly.

VII *Dum Capitolium Scandet*

How many will come after me
singing as well as I sing, none better;
Telling the heart of their truth
as I have taught them to tell it;
Fruit of my seed,
O my unnamable children.

Know then that I loved you from afore-time,
Clear speakers, naked in the sun, untrammelled.

Ezra Pound

EDITORIAL COMMENT

RHYTHMS OF ENGLISH VERSE

I

MISCONCEPTION of this subject is so general that it may be useful to clear the ground by some consideration of its elements. Not only the school rhetorics, but textbooks of prosody like *The Art of Versification*, by J. Berg Esenwein and Mary Eleanor Roberts (Home Correspondence School), still insist, as a rule, that the rhythm of English verse is, as they put it, "accentual," in contradistinction to the rhythm of classic verse, which they pronounce "quantitative." Even Mr. George Saintsbury, in his ponderous three-volume *History of English Prosody*, refuses to take sides "in the battle of Accent versus Quantity," which is as if one should preface a treatise on astronomy with a refusal to decide whether the earth goes around the sun or the sun around the earth.

Since Sidney Lanier, musician and analyst as well as poet, wrote his *Science of English Verse*, there is no longer any excuse for persistence in the old error. Rhythm is rhythm, and its laws are unchangeable, in poetry, in music, in the motion of tides and stars, in the vibration of sound-waves, light-waves, or the still more minute waves of molecular action. Always and everywhere

rhythm is measured movement, a regular succession of time-intervals. English verse is as quantitative as Greek verse, because its primary rhythms depend quite as essentially upon the time-values of its syllables, upon its marshalling of long and short syllables in feet of a given length; while its secondary rhythms, its phrase-movements, mark off with larger curves longer time-intervals. The fact that in English the syllabic "quantities" are more changeable than in Greek and Latin makes no difference with this essential truth; our verse also is quantitative, even though the Greek ear may have demanded more exactness in length of syllables, while the English ear permits our poets greater liberty in making many syllables long or short at will. Nor does our use of accent, rhyme and other devices, some of them unnecessary to the Greek poet, make any difference. Accent is universal in human speech, though slight in certain languages; while rhyme, alliteration, etc., merely mark off and emphasize rhythmic intervals.

The best way of clearing our minds of error is to think of verse in terms of music. We have been told so persistently that an English foot consists of a given succession of "accented and unaccented syllables" that it becomes less confusing to discard the word foot altogether and use instead the musical term bar. Perhaps it would be a good thing if we could also discard the old terms iambic, trochaic, anapaestic, dactylic, etc., and classify poetic measures merely as three-time or four-time. For

this is the fundamental difference, and a recognition of it would make us free to analyze as many varieties of movement in each as there are in music. In modern poetry, as in modern music, the tendency is toward increasing freedom and variety of movement in both the bar and the phrase, involving closer and more extended intervals and subtler cadences. The music of Messrs. Debussy and d'Indy is paralleled by the poetry of Messrs. Vildrac, Romains and other young Parisians, and in English by that of the Imagists and others. But at present we are analyzing, not the new measures but the old, as the iambic should be studied before *vers libre*. Nor can the secondary rhythm, the grouping of bars together in phrases, be considered until the movement within the bar is clearly understood.

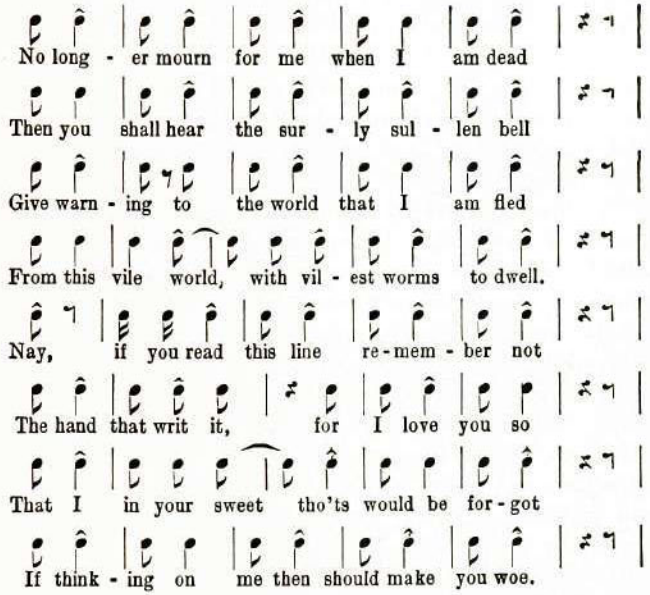
All English poetry is in either three-time or four-time—that is, each bar counts three beats or four; for the language does not admit of the five-beat measure found infrequently in oriental poetry. If we continue using the old terms, the three-time measures are: the iambic, each typical foot or bar consisting of a short and a long syllable, to be indicated by an eighth and a quarter note; the trochaic, the trochee reversing the iambus; and the tribrach, consisting of three short syllables, represented by three eighth-notes. The four-time measures are: the anapaestic, each anapaest being two short syllables and one long; the dactylic, one long and two short; both these measures being varied by the spondee, a foot of two long
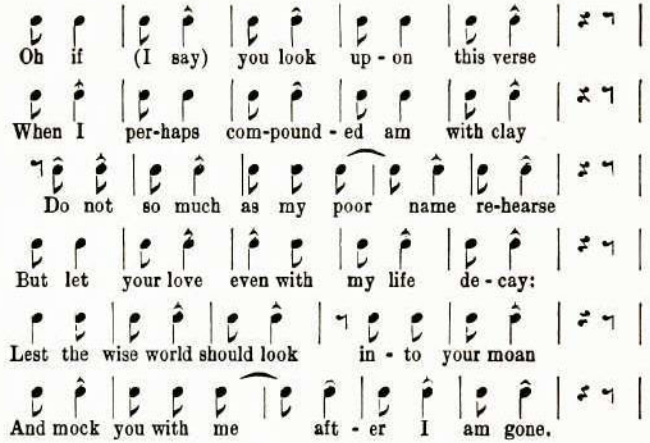
syllables. The long syllable consumes in utterance twice as much time as the short, and in English usually, though not always, it carries a slight stress or accent. All the above measures are varied by rests, inversions, etc., exactly as in music; and there are four-time measures, still unnamed, which may hardly be classed as either anapaestic or dactylic.

In a poem, as in a piece of music, the first technical point to be noted is the time: is the piece written in three-time or four-time? Does each bar count three beats or four? The musician is always informed, for the kindly composer states his time at the beginning of his opus as openly as he states his key; but the reader of poetry has to find out for himself whether a given poem is in three-time, thus belonging usually to the great iambic class, which includes probably ninety-nine hundredths of all English verse; or in four-time, so belonging usually to the much smaller anapaestic class.
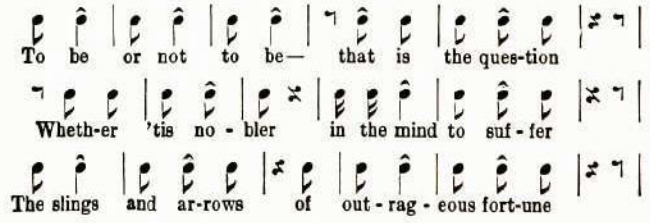
Having discerned the measure of the poem, one may analyze the poet's lines exactly as the composer analyzes and writes down in notes the air which floats through his mind. One will need most of the musician's materials—that is, one will need quarter-notes and eighth-notes, and sometimes half-notes and sixteenth-notes; quarter-rests and eighth-rests, dots, ties and triplets—almost every device, in short, used by the musician for expressing time. The expression of tune is not attempted here.

Let us select for analysis one of the most beautiful strains of music in English verse, Shakespeare's seventy-first sonnet. The typical bar is an iambus; for example the bar *for me*, in which the first syllable counts one beat and the second two. The voice discovers in each line five bars followed by a pause of one bar; the first two lines showing no variation from the iambic type, while others vary widely, as follows:





The fourteen lines of this beautiful sonnet show almost all the variations of which iambic pentameter is capable. A few others may be found in the first three lines of Hamlet's most famous soliloquy.

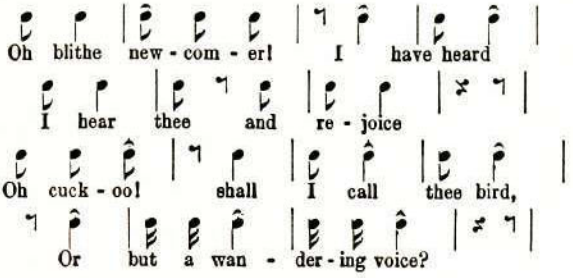


In all these examples the voice pauses for the length of a bar at the end of each line, but this circumstance, though incidental in a large majority of lines, is by no means a rule for all. Blank verse, both epic and dramatic, often sweeps down line-boundaries, as in the following examples from Shakespeare and Milton:

Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restores us, etc.

In the common hymn measure, with lines of four and three feet, or bars, alternating, the voice always lengthens the short lines by a pause of one bar, as in "To the Cuckoo," by Wordsworth.



Readers will vary slightly from these formulae, of course, in minor details—for example, in the length of certain syllables; but in general they will follow them rather closely. Study of them will show that each bar, like a bar of music, takes the same amount of time for utterance as every other bar, except that the reader, like the musician, varies the tempo in phrasing; it will show that the succession of long and short syllables in these bars, and also the position of the stress, or accent, varies almost as widely in poetry as in music; that rests or pauses of varying lengths occur frequently, sometimes even at the point of usual stress, and more often than not, to the length of an entire bar, at the end of each line; that a long syllable sometimes bridges two bars, counting one beat in each; and many other points—too many to be mentioned.

Thus far we have studied only the iambic measure, which is so dear, so natural to the English ear that until the time of Shelley and Coleridge other measures were rare in English verse, being found only, I think, in early poems of the *Piers Ploughman* type and in certain ballads and Elizabethan songs. In a future article other measures will be discussed.

H. M.

The Kingdom of All-Souls, and Two Other Poems, by George Edward Woodberry. The Woodberry Society.

The most amazing feature of this small volume of poems is the preface. It is at once a gloss upon the text, and a confessional. At least without this gloss, the spiritual crises in the first poem, and a large share of the spiritual intention of the other two poems, might not be comprehensible; yet, to be exact, the preface gives us so much more insight into the poet's mind, that the poems are in reality a gloss upon the preface. I shall quote therefore from both. Mr. Woodberry says:

> These three poems, though written without reference to one another, have a slight element in common which may perhaps excuse their being placed together, in that they are all poems of expectancy, in the mood of faith in the future. They have a touch of prophetic conviction, and that atmosphere of largeness of world-hope which is a trait of our time.
>
> They are grounded in personal feeling and reality, and the first of them is charged with specific allusions to my own experience which may not be sufficiently self-explanatory. The editor who published it, for example, desired more light on what I meant by the "youth" in the Sicilian mine, whom he took to be a symbolical figure. *I seldom deal in symbolism; if there be hidden meanings in my verses, they are there without my knowledge.*

Mr. Woodberry then goes on to give us his explanation of the obscure passages in *The Kingdom of all Souls*, which explanation the editor of *The Atlantic* printed with the poem "in order to protect the reader from the pitfall which he had found." We follow his example:

> In the stench and murk of Sicilian mines I lost my ways of light;
> For a youth with a torch came gazing on me, with the nude archaic line
> That I loved in the marbles of Athens, and the fire of his soul sank in mine;

The woe of his eyes, the want of his limbs, the intimate
look of his soul,—
Who shall measure the wave of passion that from spirit
to spirit may roll!
And, year after year, grew poverty dear; and thereat I
wondered then,
That my soul issued first unto wan lives accurst in the
loveliest lands of men.

What I actually saw is just what I say I saw. The incident made a deep impression upon me. I went down into a sulphur mine in a remote corner of Sicily . . . It was pitch-black except for our candles, it was very hot . . . Then this youth came along the gallery with his torch and went by; but having seen me he came back to get some *soldi*. He was naked, as the others were practically, and the light of his torch showed the figure in the darkness; he was eighteen or less, I should say, and his pose as he held out his hand was as perfect as you can imagine for a simple action in which his body, the place, all joined,— it was a perfect expression of poverty. What struck me, however, was the extraordinary resemblance the lines of his figure bore to the archaic Apollos at Athens (there is one at Naples), in which the body seems stiffened in its material as if the artist could not free the form from the stone. The living body was just the same, stiffened in its lines just so; and this youth so seen was as perfect a piece of archaic art as I ever saw. It made an indelible impression on my eye — and on my heart, too.

The second obscure passage follows:

Then I said to my Spirit beside me tall: "I have fear —
this is some charm
That the Impish Ones have wrought upon me to do me
malignant harm,
That for the blood-wasted and beauty-blasted I lay
bright worship by,—
Hover above it — sink in it — love it,—'tis some
charm of the Evil Eye.
But my Spirit beside me gathered height in his pride.
Then as a greater wonder arose.
*Whereat my delicate being aloof with the horror thereof
froze.*
For I saw in the den of a prison-pen, on a peak of
Argos' coast,
Men whom whips compel, mould as in hell the matrix of
the Host;
Murderers, thieves, and every brood of dark and
heinous sin
Forged in that shed the seal of God's Bread, that
stamps Christ's name therein.

At the state prison at Nauplia, in Greece, the convicts fabricate an iron stamp, which is used to imprint the Christian symbol *IHS* on the Easter bread. I was very much shocked by that.

The italics are not the poet's. They are used to denote the state of partial salvation, the contradictory

experience, of a half-awakened soul. For the poem is obviously the tragic experience of a conventional soul facing unconventionality — life. The poet, apparently, has looked out upon life only through the eyes of others; has looked upon life through a form of life already made static through the creative art of others. And even the new shock of awakening consciousness is due less to individual experience than to the forceful suggestion of a master mind. Mr. Woodberry naively records this history, and we learn with astonished amusement how things which are commonly supposed to be a poet's birthright have been acquired in this instance through patient apprenticeship.

The thought toward the end of the poem,—"past the sensual, past the moral," — contains a Nietzschean element, which is found elsewhere in my later verse. I picked up a volume of Nietsche, then unknown to me, quite by accident in a bookstore at Athens, eight years ago, and was so struck by it that I bought it. The translation was in Italian, *La Gaia Scienza*. I afterward bought and read all his works; and little sympathetic as I am with the doctrines of the Super-Man by which he is most known, there was much in his discursive mind which was kindred to my own solitary musing and brooding in those Mediterranean years. I felt him, like the call of a voice in the unknown before me. *I fear I am less one of the million "We Americans" than of the few "Us Europeans."* I was always doubly conscious. *Le Voyageur et Son Ombre;* and my heart, at least, has knowledge *Par dela le Rien et le Mal; Aurore* might have served as the title of this little book; and if I have not talked with Zarathustra, there are those in our small company who have. Nietzsche was an original and powerful genius, perhaps with the eccentric, proud wilfulness of a natural leader of men's minds. I know no modern thinker with such a fire-flow in him, the vital burst, *la vie*. I think of him as what I have found most rare in life, either among men or books,— a companion on my way. *I dare say I should have found him, in real life, quite impossible;* but, safely walled apart by time and space and death, we are friends in the spirit. From him, too, as you already observe, I took the title of the third poem.

Ah, those minds whom, in real life, one would doubtless have found quite impossible! One can not help wondering how Nietzsche, in real life, would have found Mr. Woodberry; or how, safely walled apart by time and

space and death, with what keen satiric zest he may not now view this naive token of kinship!

Not the least surprising thing about Mr. Woodberry's book, apart from the unconscious humor of the preface, is the metrical echo of Edgar Allan Poe in the poems. Here, too, is a spirit whom, judging from Mr. Woodberry's biography of Poe, he would doubtless have found quite impossible in life. But life shocks Mr. Woodberry—even though he turn to art to soften it; art that has been drawn, as it were, from the very entrails of life . . . as it is always drawn. He does not realize, apparently that there are other men besides murderers and thieves — "men whom whips compel," who "mould as in hell the matrix of the Host."

A. C. H.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF PRIZES

The prize of two hundred and fifty dollars, offered by the guarantors of POETRY for the best poem published during the magazine's first year, has been awarded to

MR. WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS,

for his poem *The Grey Rock*, published in the April number.

This award has been supplemented by a second prize offered by a few guarantors who prefer to remain anony-

mous. This second prize of one hundred dollars has been awarded to

MR. NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

for his poem, *General William Booth Enters into Heaven*, published in the January number.

In making these awards the committee has not considered translations or poems by deceased poets. This rule withdraws from competition *The Woman*, by the late William Vaughn Moody; *To My Friend*, by the late Francis Thompson; Mr. Tagore's translations of his own Bengali lyrics, and Mr. Upward's adaptations from the Chinese. Besides these, Mr. Arthur Stringer preferred not to submit for competition his poem, *A Woman at Dusk;* and four members of the committee, Miss Wyatt, Alice Corbin, Mr. Pound and Miss Monroe, withdraw their poems.

Honorable mentions in connection with these awards are as follows:

Sangar, by John Reed;
Swinburne, an Elegy, by Arthur Davison Ficke;
Teresina's Face, by Margaret Widdemer;
Xopikos, by Richard Aldington;
Passing Near, by Witter Bynner;
Gloire, by Charles Vildrac;
To One Unknown, by Helen Dudley;
Dagonet's Canzonet, by Ernest Rhys.

The prize of twenty-five dollars, offered for the best epigram by Mr. Ernest MacDonald Bowman, a guaran-

tor, cannot be awarded precisely according to its terms because no epigrams, strictly speaking, were contributed to POETRY during its first year. Mr. and Mrs. Bowman therefore award this prize, with the committee's concurrence, as a token of appreciation of a brief poem by a young poet, to MR. ROLLO BRITTEN, for his poem, *Bird of Passion*, published in the June number.

NOTES

Mr. Hamlin Garland, of Chicago, is better known as a novelist than as a poet. He has published one book of poems, *Prairie Songs*.

Lady Margaret Sackville, daughter of the Earl de la Warr, is the author of *Poems* (1901), *Hymn to Dionysus* (1905), and *Bertrud and Other Dramatic Poems* (1911).

Mr. Joseph Campbell, the well-known Irish poet, is the author of *The Rushlight*, *The Gilly of Christ* (Maunsel), and *The Man-Child* (Lock Press, London). Maunsel will soon publish another book of poems, *Irishry*.

Mr. Martin D. Armstrong, of Carlisle, England, author of a book of verse, will soon publish a dramatic poem, *Paths in the Forest*.

Miss Louise Driscoll, of Catskill, N. Y., has published poems in various magazines.

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Poetry

A Magazine of Verse

Edited by Harriet Monroe

DECEMBER, 1913

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The Temple of God—The Price—Union—The Gift—The Tryst.

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NARRATIVES

THE TEMPLE OF GOLD

"SIRE," announced the servant to the King, "the saint Narottam never deigns to step into your royal temple. He is singing God's praise under the trees by the open road. The temple is empty of all worshippers. They flock round him like bees round the fragrant white lotus, leaving the golden jar ofhoney unheeded."

The King, vexed at heart, went to the spot where Narottam sat on the grass. He asked him, "Father, why leave my temple of the golden dome, and sit on the dust outside to preach God's love?"

"Because God is not there in your temple," said Narottam.

The King frowned and said, "Do you know twenty millions of gold have been spent on that marvel of art,

and the temple was duly consecrated to God with costly rites?"

"Yes, I know," answered Narottam. "It was the dread year when thousands of your people lost their homes in fire and stood at your door for help in vain. And God said, 'The poor creature who can give no shelter to his brothers would aspire to build my house!' Thus he took his place with the shelterless under the trees by the road. And that golden bubble is empty of all but hot vapor of pride."

The King cried in anger, "Leave my land!"

Calmly said the saint, "Yes, banish me where you have banished my God."

THE PRICE

Only one lotus braved the blast of winter and bloomed in the garden of Sudas the gardener. He took it to sell to the King.

A traveller said to him on the way, "I will buy this untimely flower, and take it to my master Buddha. Ask your price."

The gardener asked one golden masha, and the traveler readily agreed. Just then the King came there.

"I must take that lotus to Lord Buddha," he said to the gardener. "What is your price?"

The gardener claimed two golden mashas. The King was ready to buy it. The traveler doubled the price and the King's offer ran still higher.

The gardener thought in his greed he could get much more from the man for whom they were eagerly bidding.

He hastened with his flower to the grove where Buddha sat silent. Love shone in his eyes, on his lips was wisdom beyond words.

Sudas gazed at him, and stood still. Suddenly he fell on his knees, placing the lotus at Buddha's feet.

Buddha smiled and asked, "What is your prayer, my son?"

"Nothing, my lord," Sudas answered, "only a speck of the dust off your feet."

UNION

Tulsidas, the poet, as was his custom, was wandering, deep in thought, by the Ganges, in that lonely spot where they burn their dead.

He found a woman sitting at the feet of the corpse of her dead husband, gaily dressed as for her wedding.

She rose as she saw him, bowed to him and said, "Permit me, master, with your blessings to follow my husband to heaven."

"Why such hurry, my daughter?" asked Tulsi. "Is not this earth also his who made heaven?"

"For heaven I do not hanker," said the woman; "I want my husband."

Tulsi smiled and said to her, "Go back to your home, my child. Before the month is over you will find your husband."

The woman went back with glad hope. Tulsi came to her every day and gave her high thoughts to think and immortal truths for meditation; till her heart was filled to the brim with love divine.

When the month was scarcely over, came to her curious neighbors and enquired, "Woman, have you found your husband?"

The widow smiled and said, "I have."

Eagerly they asked, "Where is he?"

"In my heart is my lord, one with me," said the woman.

THE GIFT

Sanatan was telling his beads by the Ganges when a Brahmin in rags came to him and said, "Help me, I am poor!"

"My alms-bowl is all that is my own," said Sanatan. "I have given away everything I had."

"But my lord Shiva came to me in my dreams," said the Brahmin, "and counselled me to come to you."

When suddenly Sanatan remembered he had picked up a stone of priceless value from the pebbles on the

banks of the river, and thinking that someone might need it had hid it in the sands.

He pointed out the spot to the Brahmin, who dug up the stone and was surprised.

The Brahmin sat on the earth and mused alone till the sun went down behind the trees, and cowherds went home with their cattle.

Then he rose and came slowly to Sanatan and said, "Master, give me the least fraction of that wealth that disdains the wealth of all the world."

And he threw away the gem into the water.

THE TRYST

Upagupta, the disciple of Buddha, lay asleep on the dust by the wall of Mathura. Lamps were all out, doors were all shut in the town, and stars were hidden in clouds in the murky sky of August.

Whose feet were those tinkling with anklets, touching his breast of a sudden? He woke up starting, and the rude light from the woman's lamp struck his forgiving eyes.

It was the dancing girl drunk with the wine of youth, starred with jewels and clouded with a pale blue mantle.

She lowered her lamp and saw the young face, where mercy shone in the eyes and purity beamed from the forehead.

"Forgive me, young ascetic," said the woman; "graciously come to my home. This hard dusty earth is not a fit bed for you."

The ascetic answered, "Go on your way, fair woman. When the time is ripe, I will come and see you."

Suddenly the dark black night showed its teeth in a flash of lightning. The storm-fiend growled in the sky and the woman trembled in fear.

* * *

The New Year had not yet begun. It was an evening of March. The wind was wild. The branches of the wayside trees were aching with blossoms.

Gay notes of the flute came floating in the warm spring air from afar. The citizens had gone to the woods, to the festival of flowers. From the mid-sky smiled the full moon on the empty and silent town.

The young ascetic was walking alone in the lonely city road. The moon-beam checquered with shadows fell on his path and sleepless *Koels* sang from the flowering mango branches.

He passed through the city gates and stood at the base of the rampart.

What woman was it lying on the earth in the shadow of the wall at his feet?

She was struck with the black pestilence; her body was spotted with sores. She was driven from the town with haste for the fear of her fatal touch.

The ascetic sat by her side, gently took her head on his knees, moistened her lips with water and smeared her body with balm.

"Who art thou, kind angel of mercy?" asked the woman.

"The time, at last, has arrived for me to visit you, and I have come," replied the young ascetic.

Rabindra Nath Tagore

VISION

Mother, I have come home to you
 Out of my sore distress.
Mother, how beautiful you are
 In your dull working dress!

"Then if you see me so, dear child,"
 I heard my mother say,
"See, too, the beauty of the soul
 In her worn dress of clay."

Alice Brown

OUR LADY OF IDLENESS

They in the darkness gather and ask
Her name, the mistress of their endless task.

The Toilers

Tinsel-makers in factory gloom,
Miners in ethylene pits,
Divers and druggists mixing poisonous bloom;

Huge hunters, men of brawn,
Half-naked creatures of the tropics,
Furred trappers stealing forth at Labrador dawn;

Catchers of beetles, sheep-men in bleak sheds,
Pearl-fishers perched on Indian coasts,
Children in stifling towers pulling threads;

Dark bunchy women pricking intricate laces,
Myopic jewelers' apprentices,
Arabs who chase the long-legged birds in sandy places:

They are her invisible slaves,
The genii of her costly wishes,
Climbing, descending, running under waves.

They strip earth's dimmest cell,
They burn and drown and stifle
To build her inconceivable and fragile shell.

The Artist-Artisans

They have painted a miracle-shawl
Of cobwebs and whispering shadows,
And trellised leaves that ripple on a wall.

They have broidered a tissue of cost,
Spun foam of the sea
And lilied imagery of the vanishing frost.

Her floating skirts have run
Like iridescent marshes,
Or like the tossed hair of a stormy sun.

Her silver cloak has shone
Blue as a mummy's beads,
Green as the ice-glints of an Arctic zone.

* * *

She is weary and has lain
At last her body down.
What, with her clothing's beauty, they have slain!

The Angel With the Sword

Come, brothers, let us lift
Her pitiful body on high,
Her tight-shut hands that take to heaven no gift

But ashes of costly things.
We seven archangels will
Bear her in silence on our flame-tipped wings.

The Toilers

Lo, she is thinner than fire
On a burned mill-town's edge,
And smaller than a young child's dead desire.

Yea, emptier than the wage
Of a spent harlot crying for her beauty,
And grayer than the mumbling lips of age.

A Lost Girl

White as a drowned one's feet
Twined with the wet sea-bracken,
And naked as a Sin driven from God's littlest street.

Florence Wilkinson

IRRADIATIONS

I

The iridescent vibrations of midsummer light
Dancing, dancing, suddenly flickering and quivering,
Like little feet or the movement of quick hands clapping,
Or the rustle of furbelows, or the clash of polished gems.
The sparkling mosaic of the mid-day light
Colliding, sliding, leaping and lingering:
Oh, I could lie on my back all day,
And mark the mad ballet of the midsummer sky.

II

Over the roof-tops race the shadows of clouds:
Like horses the shadows of clouds charge down the street.

Whirlpools of purple and gold,
Winds from the mountains of cinnabar,
Lacquered mandarin moments, palanquins swaying and balancing
Amid the vermilion pavilions, against the jade balustrades;
Glint of the glittering wings of dragon-flies in the light;
Silver filaments, golden flakes settling downwards;
Rippling, quivering flutters; repulse and surrender,
The sun broidered upon the rain,
The rain rustling with the sun.

Over the roof-tops race the shadows of clouds,
Like horses the shadows of clouds charge down the street.

III

The trees like great jade elephants
Chained, stamp and shake 'gainst the gadflies of the breeze;
The trees lunge and plunge, unruly elephants,
The clouds are as crimson howdah-canopies,
The sunlight glints like the golden robe of a Shah.
Would I were tossed on the wrinkled backs of those trees!

IV

O seeded grass, you army of little men
Crawling up the low slopes with quivering quick blades of steel:
You who storm millions of graves, tiny green tentacles of earth,
Interlace your tangled webs tightly over my heart
And do not let me go:
For I would lie here for ever and watch with one eye
The pilgrimaging ants in your dull savage jungles,
While with the other I see the long lines of the slope
Break in mid air, a wave surprisingly arrested;
And above it, wavering, bodiless, colorless, unreal,
The long thin lazy fingers of the heat.

V

The wind that drives the fine dry sand
Over the strand:
The salt wind spinning arabesques
With a wrinkled hand.

Labyrinths of shifting sand,
The dancing dunes!

I will run and catch at the flying sand
And scatter it higher with my hand;
I will wriggle like a long yellow snake over the beaches.
I will lie curled up, sleeping,
And the wind shall carry me
Far inland.

My breath is the music of the mad wind;
Shrill piping, stamping of drunken feet:
The fluttering, tattered broidery flung
Over the dunes' steep escarpments.

The fine dry sand that whistles
Down the long low beaches.

VI

Not noisily, but solemnly and pale,
In a meditative ecstasy, you entered life,

As for some strange rite, to which you alone held the clue.
Child, life did not give rude strength to you;
From the beginning you would seem to have thrown away,
As something cold and cumbersome, that armor men use against death.
You would perchance look on death face to face and from him wrest the secret
Whether his face wears oftenest a smile or no?
Strange, old and silent being, there is something
Infinitely vast in your intense tininess:
I think you could point out with a smile some curious star
Far off in the heavens which no man has seen before.

VII

The morning is clean and blue, and the wind blows up the clouds:
Now my thoughts, gathered from afar,
Once again in their patched armor, with rusty plumes and blunted swords,
Move out to war.

Smoking our morning pipes we shall ride two and two
Through the woods.
For our old cause keeps us together,
And our hatred is so precious not death or defeat can break it.

God willing, we shall this day meet that old enemy
Who has given us so many a good beating.
Thank God, we have a cause worth fighting for,
And a cause worth losing, and a good song to sing!

VIII

Oh, all you stars up yonder,
Do you hear me? Beautiful, sullen eyes,
I am tired of seeing you in the same old places,
Night after night in the sky.
I hoped you would dance—but after twenty-six years,
I find you are determined to stay as you are.
So I make it known to you, stars clustered or solitary,
That I want you to fall into my lap tonight.
Come down, little stars, let me play with you!
I will string you like beads, and shovel you together,
And wear you in my ears, and scatter you over people—
And toss you back, like apples, as I choose.

IX

As I wandered over the city through the night
I saw many strange things,
But I have forgotten all
Except one painted face.
Gaudy, shameless night-orchid,
Heavy, flushed, sticky with narcotic perfume,
There was something in you which made me prefer you
Above all the feeble forget-me-nots of the world.

You were neither burnt-out nor pallid;
There was plain, coarse, vulgar meaning in every line of you,
And no make-believe:
You were at least alive,
When all the rest were but puppets of the night.

X

Slowly along the lamp-emblazoned street,
Amid the last sad drifting crowds of midnight
Like lost souls wandering,
Comes marching by solemnly
As for some gem-bedecked ritual of old,
A monotonous procession of black carts
Full-crowded with blood-red blossom:
Scarlet geraniums
Unfolding their fiery globes upon the night.
These are the memories of day moulded in jagged flame:
Lust, joy, blood and death.
With crushed hands, weary eyes, and hoarse clamor,
We consecrate and acclaim them tumultuously
Ere they pass, contemptuous, beyond the unpierced veil of silence.

XI

The flag let loose for a day of festivity:
Free desperate symbol of battle and desire,
Leaping, lunging, tossing up the halliards:
Below it a tumult of music,

Above it the streaming wastes of the sky,
Pinnacles of clouds, pyres of dawn,
Infinite effort, everlasting day.
The immense flag waving
Aloft in glory:
Over seas and hilltops
Transmitting its lightnings.

John Gould Fletcher

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

Strangely silent, strangely bare,
Tiny faces everywhere,
Strangely old and gaunt and drawn
In the dawn.

Haunting, piteous baby eyes!
Suffering mute, vicarious lies:
Sacrifice for world-old sin,
Deep therein.

"Man of pleasure," you who lay
In your mother's arms one day,
These upon their mother's breast
May not rest.

These your passions touched to blight,
Seed of sated appetite,
Starve upon a pauper's dole—
Body, soul.

That your pleasures play at ease
Babes must battle with disease:
Heavy toll of your light way
They must pay!

With the damp of anguished sweat
See these matted tresses wet!
And these unkissed, shrivelled hands
Bear the brands.

Christ, have pity! You were man
When your martyrdom began:
For men's sins must the new-born
Feel the thorn?

Rosalie Jonas

THE MALAY TO HIS MASTER

The woman is mine, O chief,
White chief whom the spirits fear!
The woman is mine,
I have bought her with blood,
My mark is upon her brow.
I swept like a shark the sea,
O lord of unbelief!
I swept with a trusty score to her isle
And brought her home in my prau!

She lay in her atap-thatch,
Clad—ah!—in her red sarong.
The cocoanut palms
In the wind she heard,
But never my paddles near.
I seized her with mating arms—
O chief, no moon is her match!—
She cried to the hunting men of her tribe,
But lo, I carried her clear.

And tossed her across the surf!
O chief, she is mine, not yours!—
I bore her away
Though the pearls of her teeth
Bit deep, and her rage beat blind.
An hundred hissing darts,

Each dipped in a venom's scurf,
Slid after us like swift asps of air,
But ever they sunk behind.

And so she is mine, twice mine,
For when in the jungle here
I hid her, O lord,
And sang to her heart
And planted the rubber round,
And bought her your rings and silks
And bracelets jewel-fine,
And swept her with kisses like the sea,
At last was her long hate drowned.

And so she is mine, is mine!
White chief, you must give her back.
I bought her with blood,
I will keep her with blood,
So chasten your heart of lust;
Or swift, as you say the night
Of Malaya falls, at a sign,
My people, led by the gods, shall fall,
And make of your passion dust.

Cale Young Rice

THE SHARING

[*Martin works in the garden. Stephana comes from the cottage door. Upon a bench under the eaves are ranged three very small wooden cages of the kind used by bird-sellers for their stock in trade.*]

Stephana. At last we have our quiet holiday.
Come, father, take your leisure.
I fetched the birds to blink beyond the way
And know a bit of pleasure.

Martin. Twelve sold within a week—and that is well.

Stephana. And these?

Martin [*Aside.*]. She never tires
Of birds and birds! [*Aloud.*] Whoever may foretell?

Stephana. Oh, oh, the silly buyers!
I, keeping back the loveliest three, and you,
Although you saw the hiding,
Making as if you never, never knew!

Martin. You elf, demurely gliding! [*They laugh merrily.*]

Stephana. [*Soberly.*] No more shall come to buy—and that's my dream.

Martin. The sun is on the hedges.

Stephana. How all the little upward petals gleam!

Martin. Look—there, along the ledges,
Comes wandering a worn and meager man!
Look—from the road he's turning!

Stephana. Perhaps a beggar from the caravan
That kept me from my churning.
We cannot heed so many passing here.
Martin. Now see him bend and falter
And shuffle in his gait. . . . Yet, coming near,
He seems to loom and alter. . . .
He is even young.
Stephana. No, no, his hair is gray.
See, now the stile he's over!
Martin. He has a word for us. He walks our way
Across the bed of clover. . . .
Where do you come from, melancholy guest?
The Stranger. Out of the dark of sorrow.
They said it was the east, it was the west,
And there was no tomorrow.
Stephana. The birds are fluttering.
The Stranger. The birds?
Stephana. Oh, look,
The yellow, bright canaries!
They light the dailiness of this dull nook,
They are my gentle fairies.
For father teaches at the village school,
And I'm forlorn and lonely,
Except for these, my heartlings beautiful.
All would be happy. . . . only . . .
When they begin to love me, off they go.
The Stranger. The price, the price, for ever.

Martin. For all, the price is all the hand may show.
We may be fools, or clever—
It is the earthly cry of everyone.
The Stranger. Poor birds! No songs embolden
Their little breasts. Their eyes forget the sun.
Stephana. But they are soft and golden.
The Stranger. The narrow cells!
Stephana. Yes, narrow are their homes.
But never knew they wider.
The Stranger. His houses He has made with azure domes,
The bountiful Provider.
Stephana. [*Aside.*] Dread of my heart! The sign is on his brow!
Dread of my heart is calling!
He'll buy my darlings! On the settle now
His silver hoard is falling!
Martin. [*Whispering to Stephana.*] You'll have a bit of satin home to try.
The Stranger. The birds are bonny, bonny.
Take you my all—give me what it will buy.
Stephana. Father! Forego the money!
Martin. Now leave me to my bargain, child!
Stephana. Ah me!
Martin. You'll have a rosy fillet.
Stephana. Father!
Martin. Good stranger, they are yours, all three.

The Stranger. Mine! Nothing shall outwill it!
Stephana. But oh, whatever is your good of them?
The Stranger. Why, look you, Blossom-Lady—
Come, Yellow-throat, come, Puff and Speckle-Gem,
Come leave your dwellings shady!

Hop, One,
Forth of your door!
Fearing no more,
Wing to the sun!

Hop, Two!
Sidle not so.
Hasten to know—
Summer is new.

Three, up!
Scatter the dim,
Fly to the rim
Of the sun's cup!

They are out and away
Over hedge, over hay.
Over hill, over stone
They have flashed, they have flown.
They have winged, they have won!
There is gold in the sun!

Martin. Stop grieving, girl. Your tears are no amends.

Stephana. Gone, gone, my sweet companions!
The Stranger. Freedom is worth the price of tears.
Now friends,
I'm off to heights and cañons.
Stephana. Ah, they will die out yonder, far and high,
The sport of wind and shadow!
The Stranger. And that is where God's creatures ought to die.
Martin. Plague on his fine bravado!
And yet the birds were his—he paid the score.
Let the foolhardy ranger
Go follow them!
Stephana. Go! Go!—but not before
I have your *why*, dark stranger!
The Stranger. I was their fellow, in my cage apart,
Born of a world's blaspheming.
I served my term, without a dream at heart,
Save this one song of dreaming:

If ever you shall be, man,
Where the leaves blow,
Make, as you go,
Fettered wings free, man!

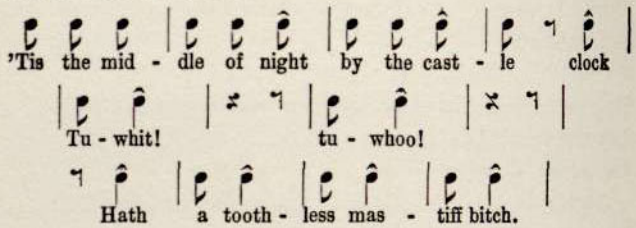
My cage was opened, and I left the blight
The weary darkness leavens.
But, free at last, I could not face the light,
Till I could share the heavens.

Agnes Lee

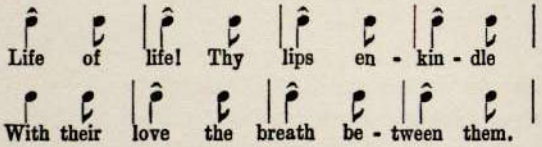
EDITORIAL COMMENT

RHYTHMS OF ENGLISH VERSE, II

Coleridge's *Christabel* is in the main iambic, but it is richly varied by a free use of tribrachs and rests. It is in tetrameter lines, three of which, typical of all, may be analyzed as follows:

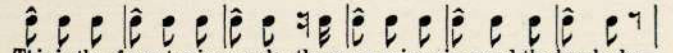


Trochaic verse is rare in English, but Shelley handled the measure with exquisite delicacy in the beautiful song from *Prometheus Unbound*. Strict accuracy would require, perhaps, a 6-8 measure for the notation of most trochaic verse, its alternate stresses being stronger than the others.

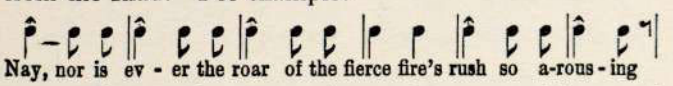


The Skylark is much less consistently trochaic, though on the whole it may be so classed. Longfellow's *Hiawatha* is a heavier example.

Longfellow's *Evangeline* is another three-time measure, one still rarer in English, which may account for the confusion of the commentators over this poem. Even Prof. Genung makes the usual mistake of saying that it is written in the dactylic hexameters of antiquity. Apparently Longfellow tried to do this, and fondly imagined that he succeeded. But instead of the majestic four-time combination of dactyls and spondees which produced "the mighty thunder-roll of Homer's verse," he achieved only a light and lilting three-time measure, as follows:

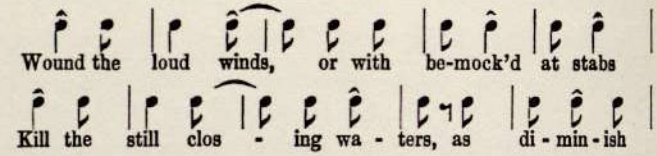


Nothing could be more misleading than to call this measure dactylic. True dactyls are rare in English, being so difficult of achievement as to be impossible for a long poem. Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts has written a few fine classic hexameters, and George Meredith gives a hint of the true Homeric measure in his few fragments from the Iliad. For example:
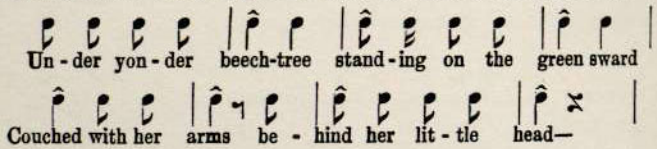


For English hexameters these are very good, though even our loose laws of quantity resent the poet's making

the first syllable of *ever* long. The slow succession of long syllables in the second line produces an effect very rare in English verse. Spondees were common in Greek and Latin, but our poets have rarely used four-time measures. In our three-time iambic measures spondees are often used to vary the rhythm, but only by extending the length of one syllable into the next bar, as in the following lines from *The Tempest:*
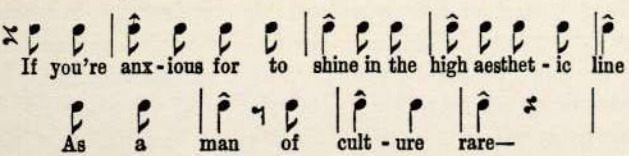


Here *loud winds* and *still clos* are all long syllables, and the poet gains his spondaic effect by shortening the syllables which follow them.

George Meredith's *Love in a Valley*, which has many true spondees, is a charming experiment in four-time, of a movement much lighter than the classic hexameters:
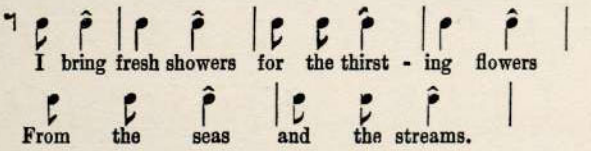


Four-time measure of a still lighter movement, with a swift succession of short syllables and many rests, is much used nowadays in comic verse, especially in the

librettos of comic operas. A familiar example is Bunthorne's song in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience*.

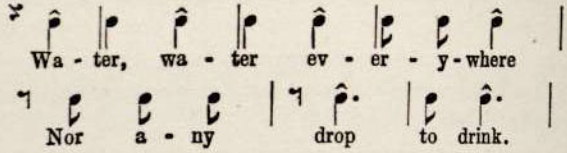


All the above examples of four-time measures may be roughly called dactylic in type, since the long syllable and the stress usually begin the bar. But in English most four-time verse is anapaestic in type, with the long syllable and the stress at the end. Usually English poets treat their anapaestic verses very freely, not only using spondees, which are allowed, but often forcing short syllables to do the work of long ones—an irregularity which is not, however, so offensive to the English ear as it would have been to the Greek. Two masterpieces of English anapaestic verse, Shelley's *Cloud* and Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* show all possible variations. Here are the first two lines of the former poem:
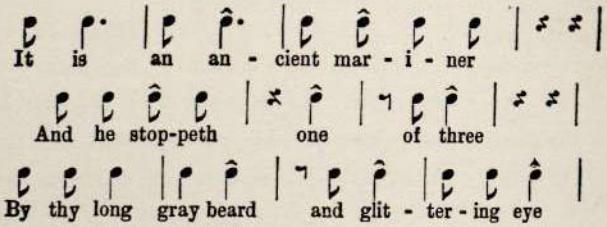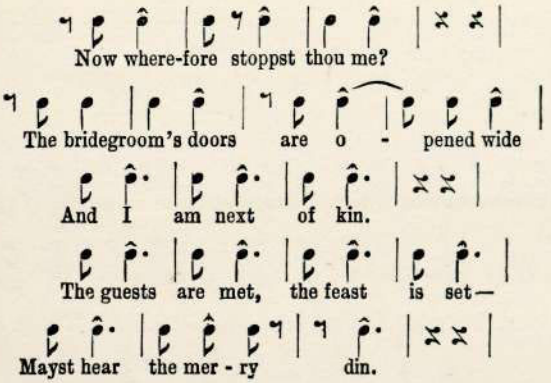


The Ancient Mariner has been a puzzle to the analysts, because usually they have tried to scan it as iambic

verse, therefore in three-time, and so have quite missed the secret of its slow and pounding four-time movement. Many feet have only two syllables, it is true, but they are either spondees or else the first syllable has one beat of the bar and the second three. Two famous lines, for example, read as follows, and therefore they are not in the least iambic, even though each bar has but two syllables:

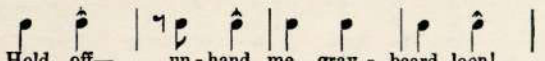


The Ancient Mariner has a magic music, but its rhythm is perhaps the least bound by ancient rules of all familiar English poems. A child feels it, but few of the elders who sit in judgment have seemed to understand it. In the first stanza the slow fall of the long syllables is very stately and beautiful. And the poem holds this pace to the end.

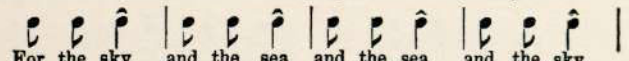




Thus thefour-time measure of this poem is richly varied, its typical foot being of two syllables, the second three times as long as the first. The spondees are common, the following line being entirely spondaic:
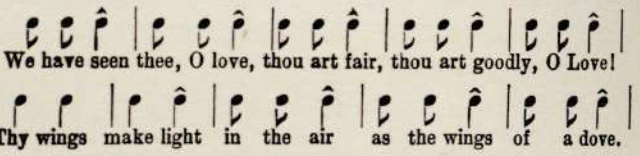


The poem may be roughly called anapaestic, if that term may be enlarged to include all four-time measures which usually have the long syllable and the stress at the end of each bar. The following line is all anapaestic.
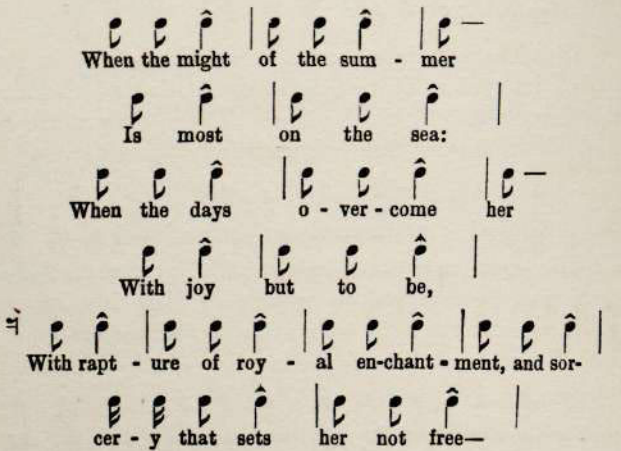


Swinburne, of course, has sung in anapaests more than any other poet, and held with more regularity to

the type. In certain poems of his the measure is perhaps too regular and the music therefore monotonous. *Atalanta in Calydon* has a number of anapaestic songs, for example:
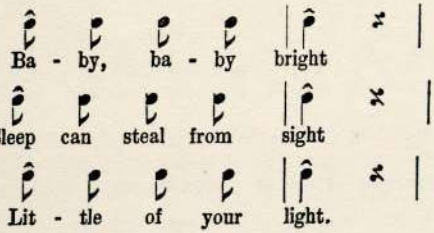


Here is another anapaestic measure which he loves:
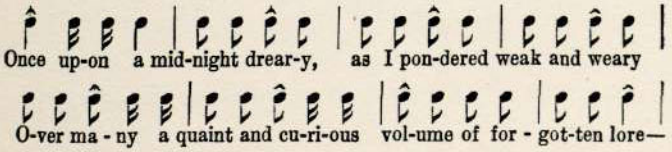


But the anapaestic is not Swinburne's only four-time measure. In the dainty *Cradle Song*, the first bar of each

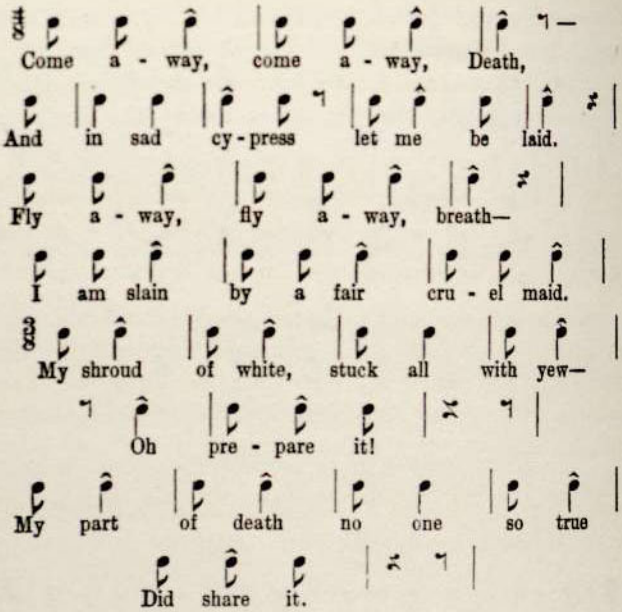
line will be read by most persons as four short syllables. For this measure we have no name, though it is more dactylic than anapaestic, as the long syllable (when there is one) and the stress are at the beginning of the bar.



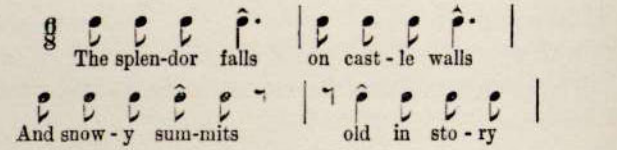
Poe's *Raven* moves to a similar four-time measure, and therefore it is not in the least trochaic, as it used to be classed.
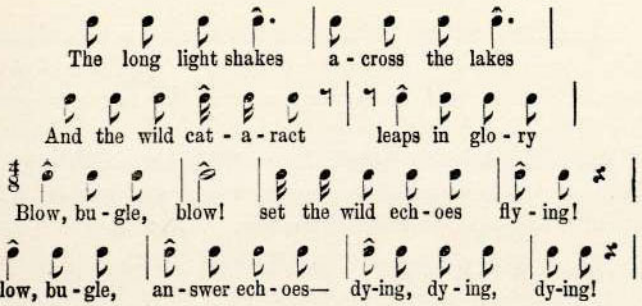


Shakespeare and one or two of his lyric contemporaries produced now and then a quite magical effect by a swift change of measure from three-time to four-time, or the reverse, as in every stanza of this song:

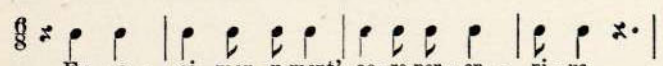


Tennyson tries the same experiment in this song, with a success somewhat less exquisite:

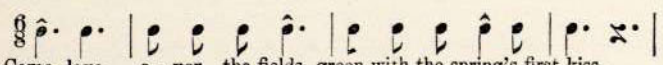




These analyses cover almost all the variations usual in English verse. Certain measures, common in Greek and Latin, alter their rhythms when English poets experiment with them. A classic choriambic foot, for example, consists of four syllables—a long, two shorts, and a long, and counts six beats; whereas in the hands of Swinburne and others it becomes a charming thing, but very different. Horace's choriambic lines run thus:



In English the attempt to write such a line results as follows:



The Latin measure is stately, the English is a delicate dance-time.

Vers libre, whose rhythmic subtleties may be only at the beginning of their development, is a demand for greater freedom of movement within the bar and the line. In the following examples, quoted by Charles Vildrac in his *Notes sur la Technique Poétique*, the four bars, or feet, in each are of the same length, while the number of syllables varies from two to six:

Cette rose | à ton corsage |
Cette fleur rouge | a ton col entr'ouvert | . . . |
—*André Salmon.*

Oh elles existent, | elles attendent, |
Ils n'auraient qu'à choisir, | ils n'auraient qu'à prendre. |
—*Charles Vildrac.*

The above analysis is, I repeat, elementary, and perhaps too conservative in attempting to adhere somewhat to the old classification. My own feeling is that the familiar terms, iambic, anapaestic, etc., might better be thrown away, and a system of musical notation observed more in accordance with musical laws. But though the practice of centuries cannot be changed at once, it may be subjected to question. Poetic technique is still a mediaeval province unillumined by modern scientific research.

The analysis of poetic rhythm on the basis of musical notation seems so obvious as to make it incredible that Sidney Lanier should have been the first to apply it to English verse. Poets usually think too little about the elements and laws of that verse-music which must be

an instinct with them. A closer study would enrich their own rhythms, and greater zeal in acquainting the public with the technique of poetry would increase the general understanding of the art. More scientific knowledge of this subject is necessary in order to remove English poetry from the rack of "accentual" prosody, and restore it to the great universal laws of rhythm, to which all music and the poetry of all languages must consciously or unconsciously conform. *H. M.*

PEALS OF IRON

Fire and Wine, by John Gould Fletcher. Grant Richards London.

The Dominant City, by John Gould Fletcher. Max Goschen, London.

> Sing, O ye poets, sing on,
> Of golden summer's gales;
> Of patented magic casements,
> And copyright nightingales!

Thus Mr. Fletcher in the earlier book, while he still sat under the aegis of Verlaine. Mr. Fletcher has left that aegis. He has left his native Arkansas. It is five years since he took that step which would seem to be almost imperative for any American who has serious intentions toward poetry. He left the virgin republic of the west as a duckling departs from a hen. For five years he has kept an indifferent silence, and now with an

equally indifferent bravura, he puts forth five volumes at once—some of them, or at least some parts of them good, and at least one of them important.

> And I did not rush
> To print my teething pains,

he says in an earlier work. Whatever lines in these books may be classified under that title have been given out with deliberation. Yet having been convinced by *The Dominant City* that this author is not wholly a fool, one is heartened for the search of the other books. And even these are not without their charm, are not without touches of beauty, of mockery and of grimness. Here is an author set to portraying the real; he is contemporary, he has heard of the city of Paris, and even if his book had been written in French it would not be called old-fashioned. This would be bad enough in an Englishman, but in an American, in a compatriot of five thousand professors of literature who have never heard of any French author since Béranger, it is wholly and simply appalling.

Mr. Fletcher's English is not always good, for he is trying to use the speech of his time, which renders him inelegant, and he does not escape all the prevalent faults of his continental contemporaries; that is to say, he falls into rhetoric and into using abstractions. Yet he talks about a factory as if it were a factory and not a mythological beast. He can at his best be concrete and grim and specific. He still likes to lump his "griefs," and

things of that sort, into some general term, and he still writes of life, hope, pleasure, death, lust, and that sort of thing, but so does the great Verhaeren. At least Mr. Fletcher has never mentioned

Le bondissant tocsin des vérités vivantes.

As with Barzun's *Hymne des Forces*, I have here come upon a work that moves me, although my own canons suffer violence. *E. P.*

NOTES

The great Oriental poet who has just received the Nobel prize for literature, may fitly open our Christmas number. POETRY having introduced Mr. Tagore's lyrics to American readers a year ago, is now the first magazine to present his translation of a group of narrative poems. No one can question the "idealistic tendency" of this poet's work; the recognition by the Swedish academy of its artistic and spiritual beauty opens another door between East and West, and leads occidental nations into a comparatively unknown province of oriental art.

Florence Wilkinson (Mrs. Wilfrid Muir Evans) formerly of Chicago and now a resident of Florence, is the author of numerous novels and of *Two Plays of Israel* and *The Far Country* (McClure).

Mr. Cale Young Rice, of Louisville, is the author of numerous books of poems and poetic plays, the latest being *Porzia* (Doubleday, Page & Co.).

Mr. John Gould Fletcher, born in Arkansas in 1886, refused to take a degree at Harvard, and went to London in 1908. This year five small volumes of his verse have been published by Max Goschen, Ltd.

Agnes Lee (Mrs. Otto Freer) has already appeared in Poetry.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Poems, by Paul Mariett. Mitchell Kennerley.
The Dominant City, by John Gould Fletcher. Max Goschen, Ltd.
"*Tiger*," by Witter Bynner. Mitchell Kennerley.
Poems, by Wilfrid Earl Chase. Privately printed.
Merchants from Cathay, by William Rose Benet. Century Co.
Love—and Other Things, by A. B. K. W. W. Heffer & Sons, Cambridge, England.
Streets, by Douglas Goldring. Max Goschen, Ltd., London.
A Country Boy, and Other Poems, by Douglas Goldring. Andrew Melrose, London.
A Symphony and Other Pieces, by Arthur E. J. Legge. John Lane Co.
The Flame in the Wind, by Margaret Steele Anderson. John P. Morton & Co.
Salt Water Ballads, by John Masefield. The Macmillan Co.
Odd Numbers, by Dum-Dum. Constable & Co., Ltd., London.
On the Way to Willowdale, by Robert Loveman. Privately printed.
Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody. Houghton Mifflin Co.
Abraham Lincoln, A Parable of the Rose and Other Poems, and *The Triumph of Love*, by Lyman Whitney Allen. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
A Wand and Strings, and Other Poems, by Benjamin R. C. Low. John Lane Co.
Lyrics and Dramas, by Stephen Phillips. John Lane Co.
Words with Wings, by Charles G. Fall. Elliot Stock, London.
The Faun and Other Poems, by Genevieve Farnell-Bond. Sherman, French & Co.
Love and Liberation, by John Hall Wheelock. Sherman, French & Co.
Minions of the Moon, by Madison Cawein. Stewart & Kidd Co.
Ballads of the Veld-Land, by Lynn Lyster. Longmans, Green & Co.
Carducci, A Selection of His Poems with Verse Translations, Notes and Three Introductory Essays, by G. L. Bickersteth. Longmans, Green & Co.
Sonnets of a Suffragette, by Berton Braley. Browne & Howell Co.
Patriot or Traitor, by Charles G. Fall. Old Corner Bookstore, Boston.
A Little Dreaming, by Fenton Johnson. The Standard Co.
Poems (Privately printed), *The Voice of One Crying*. Adam & Charles Black.
In the Starlight, by Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne. Samurai Press.
Poems and Ballads, by Herman Hagedorn. Macmillan Co.
Tristram and Isoult, by Martha Kinross. Macmillan Co.
The Sign of the Tree, by Harriet Mason Kilburn. Sherman, French & Co.
Eve, by Katharine Howard. Sherman, French & Co.
The Little Book of Modern American Verse, edited by Jessie Rittenhouse. Houghton, Mifflin Co.
Love Triumphant, by R. Gorell Barnes. Longmans, Green & Co.
Anthologie des Lyriques Allemands Contemporains depuis Nietzsche, edited by Henri Guilbeaux. Henry Figuiere et Cie, Paris.

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A Magazine of Verse

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Green—All of Roses—Fireflies in the Corn—A Woman and Her Dead Husband—The Wind, The Rascal—The Mother of Sons—Illicit Birthday.

A Day for Wandering . . Clinton Scollard

Poems Grace Fallow Norton
Heart's Holiday—Iole—Oh Hush, My Heart—Allegra Agonistes.

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The Rose John Cournos

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Editorial Comment.
The Tradition—"Sobriety and Earnestness" Reviews—Notes—A Word from Mr. Yeats.

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Poetry
A Magazine of Verse

Vol. III
No. 4

JANUARY, 1914

POEMS

GREEN

THE dawn was apple-green,
The sky was green wine held up in the sun,
The moon was a golden petal between.

She opened her eyes, and green
They shone, clear like flowers undone,
For the first time, now for the first time seen.

ALL OF ROSES.

I

By the Isar, in the twilight
We were wandering and singing;
By the Isar, in the evening
We climbed the huntsman's ladder and sat swinging
In the fir-tree overlooking the marshes;
While river met with river, and the ringing
Of their pale-green glacier-water filled the evening.

By the Isar, in the twilight
We found our warm wild roses
Hanging red at the river; and simmering
Frogs were singing, and over the river closes
Was scent of roses, and glimmering
In the twilight, our kisses across the roses
Met, and her face, and my face, were roses.

II

When she rises in the morning
I linger to watch her.
She stands in silhouette against the window,
And the sunbeams catch her
Glistening white on the shoulders;
 While down her sides, the mellow
 Golden shadow glows, and her breasts
 Swing like full-blown yellow
 Gloire de Dijon roses.

She drips herself with water,
And her shoulders
Glisten as silver, they crumple up
Like wet and shaken roses, and I listen
For the rustling of their white, unfolding petals.
 In the window full of sunlight
 She stirs her golden shadow,
 And flashes all herself as sun-bright
 As if roses fought with roses.

III

Just a few of the roses we gathered from the Isar
Are fallen, and their mauve-red petals on the cloth
Float like boats on a river, waiting
For a fairy-wind to wake them from their sloth.

She laughs at me across the table, saying
She loves me; and I blow a little boat
Rocking down the shoals between the tea-cups
And so kiss-beladen that it scarce can float.

IV

Now like a rose come tip-toe out of bud
I see the woman's soul steal in her eyes,
And wide in ecstasy I sit and watch
The unknown flower issued magic-wise.

And day by day out of the envious bud
My treasure softly slips uncurled,
And day by day my happiness vibrates
In wide and wider circles round the world.

FIREFLIES IN THE CORN

A woman taunts her lover.

Look at the little darlings in the corn!
The rye is taller than you, who think yourself
So high and mighty: look how its heads are borne

Dark and proud on the sky, like a number of knights
Passing with spears and pennants and manly scorn.

And always likely!—Oh, if I could ride
With my head held high-serene against the sky
Do you think I'd have a creature like you at my side
With your gloom and your doubt that you love me?
O darling rye,
How I adore you for your simple pride!

And those bright fireflies wafting in between
And over the swaying cornstalks, just above
All their dark-feathered helmets, like little green
Stars come low and wandering here for love
Of this dark earth, and wandering all serene—!

How I adore you, you happy things, you dears
Riding the air and carrying all the time
Your little lanterns behind you: it cheers
My heart to see you settling and trying to climb
The corn-stalks, tipping with fire their spears.

All over the corn's dim motion, against the blue
Dark sky of night, the wandering glitter, the swarm
Of questing brilliant things:—you joy, you true
Spirit of careless joy: ah, how I warm
My poor and perished soul at the joy of you!

ICU

The man answers and she mocks.

You're a fool, woman. I love you, and you know I do!
—Lord, take his love away, it makes him whine.
And I give you everything that you want me to.
—Lord, dear Lord, do you think he ever *can* shine?

A WOMAN AND HER DEAD HUSBAND

Ah stern cold man,
How can you lie so relentless hard
While I wash you with weeping water!
Ah face, carved hard and cold,
You have been like this, on your guard
Against me, since death began.

You masquerader!
How can you shame to act this part
Of unswerving indifference to me?
It is not you; why disguise yourself
Against me, to break my heart,
You evader?

You've a warm mouth,
A good warm mouth always sooner to soften
Even than your sudden eyes.
Ah cruel, to keep your mouth
Relentless, however often
I kiss it in drouth.

You are not he.
Who are you, lying in his place on the bed
And rigid and indifferent to me?
His mouth, though he laughed or sulked,
Was always warm and red
And good to me.

And his eyes could see
The white moon hang like a breast revealed
By the slipping shawl of stars,
Could see the small stars tremble
As the heart beneath did wield
Systole, diastole.

And he showed it me
So, when he made his love to me;
And his brows like rocks on the sea jut out,
And his eyes were deep like the sea
With shadow, and he looked at me,
Till I sank in him like the sea,
Awfully.

Oh, he was multiform—
Which then was he among the manifold?
The gay, the sorrowful, the seer?
I have loved a rich race of men in one—
—But not this, this never-warm
Metal-cold—!

Ah masquerader!
With your steel face white-enamelled,
Were you he, after all, and I never
Saw you or felt you in kissing?
—Yet sometimes my heart was trammelled
With fear, evader!

Then was it you
After all, this cold, hard man?
—Ah no, look up at me,
Tell me it isn't true,
That you're only frightening me!

You will not stir,
Nor hear me, not a sound.
—Then it was you—
And all this time you were
Like this when I lived with you.
 It is not true,
 I am frightened, I am frightened of you
 And of everything.
 O God!—God too
 Has deceived me in everything,
 In everything.

THE WIND, THE RASCAL

The wind, the rascal, knocked at my door, and I said:
My love is come!
But oh, wind, what a knave thou art
To make sport of me when the days of my heart
Are drearisome,
And wearisome.

THE MOTHER OF SONS

This is the last of all, then, this is the last!
I must fold my hands, and turn my face to the fire,
And watch my dead days fusing into dross,
Shape after shape, and scene after scene, from the past
Sinking to one dead mass in the dying fire,
Leaving the grey ash cold and heavy with loss.

Strange he is to me, my son, whom I waited like a lover;
Strange as a captive held in a foreign country, haunting
The shore and gazing out on the level sea;
White, and gaunt, with wistful eyes that hover
Always upon the distance, as his soul were chaunting
The dreary weird of departure away from me.

Like a young bird blown from out of the frozen seas,
Like a bird from the far north blown with a broken wing
Into our sooty garden, he drags and beats

From place to place perpetually, and seeks release
From me, and the hound of my love that creeps up fawning
For his mastership, while he in displeasure retreats.

I must look away from him, for my fading eyes
Like a cringing dog at his heels offend him now,
Like a toothless hound pursuing him with my eyes,
Till he chafes at my cringing persistence, and a sharp spark flies
Into my soul from the sudden fall of his brow
And he bites his lip in pain as he hears my sighs.

This is my last—it will not be any more—
All my life I have borne the burden of myself,
All the long years of sitting in my husband's house,
And never have I said to myself, as he closed the door:
"Now I am caught—you are hopelessly lost, O self;
You are frightened with joy, my heart, like a frightened mouse."—

Three times have I offered my soul—three times rejected—
It will not be any more—no more, my son, my son!
Never to know the glad freedom of obedience, since long ago
The angel of childhood kissed me and went. I expected
A man would take me, and now, my son, O my son,
I must sit awhile and wait and never know
A bridegroom, till 'twixt me and the bright sun

Death, in whose service is nothing of gladness, takes me.
For the lips and the eyes of God are behind a veil,
And the thought of the lipless voice of the Father shakes me
With fear, and fills my eyes with tears of desire;
But the voice of my life is dumb and of no avail,
And the hands in my lap grow cold as the night draws nigher.

ILLICIT

In front of the sombre mountains, a faint, lost ribbon of rainbow,
And between us and it, the thunder;
And down below, in the green wheat, the laborers
Stand like dark stumps, still in the green wheat.

You are near to me, and your naked feet in their sandals,
And through the scent of the balcony's naked timber
I distinguish the scent of your hair; so now the limber
Lightning falls from heaven.

Adown the pale-green, glacier-river floats
A dark boat through the gloom—and whither?
The thunder roars. But still we have each other.
The naked lightnings in the heavens dither
And disappear. What have we but each other?
The boat has gone.

BIRTHDAY

If I were well-to-do
I would put roses on roses, and cover your grave
With multitude of white roses, and just a few
Red ones, a bloody-white flag over you.

So people passing under
The ash-trees of the valley road, should raise
Their eyes to your bright place, and then in wonder
Should climb the hill, and put the flowers asunder.

And seeing it is your birthday,
They would say, seeing each mouth of white rose praise
You highly, every blood-red rose display
Your triumph of anguish above you, they would say:

" 'Tis strange, we never knew
While she was here and walking in our ways
That she was as the wine-jar whence we drew
Our draught of faith that sent us on anew."

And so I'd raise
A rose-bush unto you in all their hearts
A rose of memory with a scent of praise
Wafting like solace down their length of days.

D. H. Lawrence

A DAY FOR WANDERING

I set apart a day for wandering;
I heard the woodlands ring,
The hidden white-throat sing,
And the harmonic West,
Beyond a far hill-crest,
Touch its Aeolian string.
Remote from all the brawl and bruit of men,
The iron tongue of Trade,
I followed the clear calling of a wren
Deep to the bosom of a sheltered glade,
Where interwoven branches spread a shade
Of soft cool beryl like the evening seas
Unruffled by the breeze.
And there—and there—
I watched the maiden-hair,
The pale blue iris-grass,
The water-spider in its pause and pass
Upon a pool that like a mirror was.
I took for confidant
The diligent ant
Threading the clover and the sorrel aisles;
For me were all the smiles
Of the sequestered blossoms there abloom—
Chalice and crown and plume;
I drank the ripe rich attars blurred and blent,
And won—Content!

Clinton Scollard

HEART'S HOLIDAY

Without, a city's whirling dust,
 A city's alley-wall;
Without, a bleak, pale strip of sky.
 Within, high festival.

Without, no greeting between friends,
 From the hurrying crowd no smile.
Within, my heart's slow pageant moves
 In glorious solemn file.

There was no call for revel. Day,
 Who summons us each morn,
Came forth in dreariest garb and blew
 No gala herald-horn.

But slave of day I am not—nay,
 Her mistress still, I wield
The crystal sceptre of my mood,
 Bearing my dream's white shield.

Exultant, rapture-flooded, mad
 With mystic inner mirth,
My heart holds her strange carnival
 Unseen of all the earth.

IOLÉ

I long for white lilies,
 White roses and rest—
White raiment and silence,
 Like a dove's white breast.

Thy faun came too near me,
 (Well loved I the dance)
My garland he blighted
 With his ribald glance.

Thy faun danced too wildly,
 His wreath was awry,
His pipe was discordant,
 Too harsh was his cry.

I long for white raiment:
 My garland so gay
I've plucked at in horror
 And flung far away.

I long for white lilies,
 I ask to be still.
Oh silence his singing!
 Come, cover and kill!

OH HUSH, MY HEART!

Oh hush, my heart, while I recall
 The rosy-footed years
When I had no heart at all,
 Only quick smiles and tears.
Oh sweet it was and safe it was
 And oh, I would I were
Still running with white dreams that pass
 Like clouds across the air.

Oh hush, my heart, while I recall
 The silent-sandaled days
When I had no heart at all,
 Only my soul's white ways.
Oh sweet it was and very strange
 To find a white soul so;
Oh would that I again might range,
 Heartless, her fields of snow.

Oh would I had no heart at all!
 For oh, the stormy hour
When my hot heart rose to a call,
 Bearing a crimson flower.
Alas, my soul's wide wanderings,
 My limitless desire!
Now all my dreams have heavy wings
 And hover round a fire.

Now all my world is made of hands
 That cling to mine again,
And I am bound with iron bands
 Of passion and of pain.

ALLEGRA AGONISTES

A gleam of gold in gloom and gray,
A call from out a fairer day.
Oh pang at heart and ebbing blood!
(Hush, bread and salt should be thy mood,
Stern woman of the Brotherhood.)

Clamor of golden tones and tunes,
Hint of faint horns, breath of bassoons;
They wound my soul again; I lie
Face earthward in fresh agony.
Oh give me joy before I die!

World, world, I could have danced for thee,
And I had tales and minstrelsy;
Kept fairer I had been more good.
(Hush, bread and salt should be thy mood,
Soul of the breadless Brotherhood.)

Some thou hast formed to play thy part,
The bold, the cold, the hard of heart.

Thy rue upon my lips, I toss.
Rose was my right. O world, the loss,
When Greek limbs writhe upon the cross!

Grace Fallow Norton

TO A FRIEND

As a child parts the petals of a rose,
Seeking perplexed, within the perfumed core,
A tangible sweetness—so my thoughts explore
This twilit hour, through many a fragrant close,
Our interfolded years. Proud Memory shows
Old visions of far days, bright in her store
Beside the light last speech we loitered o'er;
So thornless-fair our Rose of Friendship blows.
But whence the subtle sweetness which makes rare
Slight, common joys, so they be shared by you;
Or why, that distant hour, each spirit chose
Instant the other? Sense may not lay bare
The mystery of love I thus pursue
As a child parts the petals of a rose.

Minor Watson

THE ROSE

I remember a day when I stood on the sea shore at Nice, holding a scarlet rose in my hands.

The calm sea, caressed by the sun, was brightly garmented in blue, veiled in gold and violet, verging on silver.

Gently the waves lapped the shore, and scattering into pearls, emeralds and opals, hastened towards my feet with a monotonous, rhythmical sound, like the prolonged note of a single harp-string.

High in the clear, blue-golden sky hung the great, burning disc of the sun.

White sea-gulls hovered above the waves, now barely touching them with their snow-white breasts, now rising anew into the heights, like butterflies over the green meadows. . .

Far in the east, a ship, trailing its smoke, glided slowly from sight as though it had foundered in the waste.

I threw the rose into the sea, and watched it, caught in the wave, receding, red on the snow-white foam, paler on the emerald wave.

And the sea continued to return it to me, again and again, at last no longer a flower, but strewn petals on restless water.

So with the heart, and with all proud things. In the end nothing remains but a handful of petals of what was once a proud flower. . .

John Cournos after *K. Tetmaier*

POEMS

I

I have drifted along this river
Until I moored my boat
By these crossed trunks.

Here the mist moves
Over fragile leaves and rushes,
Colorless waters and brown, fading hills.

You have come from beneath the trees
And move within the mist,
A floating leaf.

O blue flower of the evening,
You have touched my face
With your leaves of silver.

Love me, for I must depart.

II LESBIA

Grow weary if you will, let me be sad.
Use no more speech now;
Let the silence spread gold hair above us,
Fold on delicate fold.
Use no more speech;
You had the ivory of my life to carve.

And Picus of Mirandola is dead;
And all the gods they dreamed and fabled of,
Hermes, and Thoth and Bêl are rotten now,
Rotten and dank.

And through it all I see your pale Greek face;
Tenderness
Makes me eager as a little child to love you,
You morsel left half cold on Caesar's plate.

III ARGYRIA

O you,
O you most fair,
Swayer of reeds, whisperer
Among the flowering rushes,
You have hidden away your hands
Beneath the poplar leaves;
You have given them to the white waters.

Swallow-fleet;
Sea-child cold from the waves;
Slight reed that sang so blithely in the wind;
White cloud the white sun kissed into the air;
Pan mourns for you.

White limbs, white song,
Pan mourns for you.

IV THE POPLAR

Why do you always stand there shivering
Between the white stream and the road?

The people pass through the dust
On bicycles, in carts, in motor-cars;
The waggoners go by at dawn;
The lovers walk on the grass path at night.

Stir from your roots, walk, poplar!
You are more beautiful than they are.

I know that the white wind loves you,
Is always kissing you and turning up
The white lining of your green petticoat.
The sky darts through you like blue rain,
And the grey rain drips on your flanks
And loves you.
And I have seen the moon
Slip his silver penny into your pocket
As you straightened your hair;
And the white mist curling and hesitating
Like a bashful lover about your knees.

I know you, poplar;
I have watched you since I was ten.

But if you had a little real love,
A little strength,
You would leave your nonchalant idle lovers
And go walking down the white road
Behind the waggoners.

There are beautiful beeches
Down beyond the hill.
Will you always stand there shivering?

V GLAUCOPIS

O maidens, whom I loved
And now love not at all,
Nor even the memory of your shadowy faces,
Who loved me also,
Striving with delicate and sensuous days
To thrall my soul,
Behold!
From the hush and the dusk
Come, like the whisper of dawn,
Her frail, her magical feet.
From the desert she blossoms,
A flower of the winds,
Tremulous, shaken by love.

Ah Gods!
And I may not hearken
Nor stoop to the flower. *Richard Aldington*

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE TRADITION

Penitus enim tibi O Phoebe attributa est cantus.

THE tradition is a beauty which we preserve and not a set of fetters to bind us. This tradition did not begin in A. D. 1870, nor in 1776, nor in 1632, nor in 1564. It did not begin even with Chaucer.

The two great lyric traditions which most concern us are that of the Melic poets and that of Provence. From the first arose practically all the poetry of the "ancient world," from the second practically all that of the modern. Doubtless there existed before either of these traditions a Babylonian and a Hittite tradition whereof knowledge is for the most part lost. We know that men worshipped Mithra with an arrangement of pure vowel-sounds. We know that men made verses in Egypt and in China, we assume that they made them in Uruk. There is a Japanese metric which I do not yet understand, there is doubtless an agglutinative metric beyond my comprehension.

As it happens, the conditions of English and forces in the English tradition are traceable, for the most part, to the two traditions mentioned. It is not intelligent to ignore the fact that both in Greece and in Provence the poetry attained its highest rhythmic and metrical brilliance at times when the arts of verse and music were

most closely knit together, when each thing done by the poet had some definite musical urge or necessity bound up within it. The Romans writing upon tablets did not match the cadences of those earlier makers who had composed to and for the Cÿthera and the Barbitos.

As touching the parallel development of the twin arts in the modern world, it may be noted that the *canzon* of Provence became the *canzone* of Italy, and that when Dante and his contemporaries began to compose philosophic treatises in verse the *son* or accompaniment went maying on its own account, and in music became the sonata; and from the date of that divorce poetry declined until such time as Baif and the Plëïade began to bring Greek and Latin and Italian renaissance fashions into France, and to experiment in music and "quantity."

The Italians of that century had renewed the art, they had written in Latin, and some little even in Greek, and had used the Hellenic meters. DuBellay translated Navgherius into French, and Spenser translated DuBellay's adaptations into English, and then as in Chaucer's time and times since then, the English cribbed their technique from over the channel. The Elizabethans "made" to music, and they copied the experiments of Paris. Thus as always one wave of one of these traditions has caught and overflowed an earlier wave receding. The finest troubador had sung at the court of Coeur de Lion. Chaucer had brought in the "making" of France and ended the Anglo-Saxon alliterative fashions. The

canzon of Provence which had become the *canzone* and sonnet, had become *Minnesang;* it had become the ballade and it became many an "Elizabethan" form. And at that age the next wave from Paris caught it, a wave part "Romance" (in the linguistic sense) and part Latin. But Provence is itself Latin, in a way, for when the quantities of syllables had been lost through the barbarian invasions, rhyme had come in as courtly ornament. The first fragment of Provençal poetry is Latin with a Provençal refrain.

Dr. Ker has put an end to much babble about folk song by showing us *Summer is ycummen in* written beneath the Latin words of the first known example of a canon.

II

A return to origins invigorates because it is a return to nature and reason. The man who returns to origins does so because he wishes to behave in the eternally sensible manner. That is to say, naturally, reasonably, intuitively. He does not wish to do the right thing in the wrong place, to "hang an ox with trappings," as Dante puts it. He wishes not pedagogy but harmony, the fitting thing.

This is not the place for an extensive discussion of technical detail. Of the uses and abuses of rhyme I would say nothing, save that it is neither a necessity nor a taboo.

As to quantity, it is foolish to suppose that we are incapable of distinguishing a long vowel from a short one, or that we are mentally debarred from ascertaining how many consonants intervene between one vowel and the next.

As to the tradition of *vers libre:* Jannaris in his study of the Melic poets comes to the conclusion that they composed to the feel of the thing, to the cadence, as have all good poets since. He is not inclined to believe that they were much influenced by discussions held in Alexandria some centuries after their deaths.

If the earnest upholder of conventional imbecility will turn at random to the works of Euripides, or in particular to such passages as *Hippolytus*, 1268 *et Seq.*, or to *Alkestis* 266 *et seq.*, or idem 455 *et seq.*, or to *Phoenissae* 1030 *et circa*, or to almost any notable Greek chorus, it is vaguely possible that the light of *vers libre* might spread some faint aurora upon his cerebral tissues.

No one is so foolish as to suppose that a musician using "four-four" time is compelled to use always four quarter notes in each bar, or in "seven-eighths" time to use seven eighth notes uniformly in each bar. He may use one ½, one ¼ and one ⅛ rest, or any such combination as he may happen to choose or find fitting.

To apply this musical truism to verse is to employ *vers libre.*

To say that such and such combinations of sound and tempo are not proper, is as foolish as to say that a painter

should not use red in the upper left hand corners of his pictures. The movement of poetry is limited only by the nature of syllables and of articulate sound, and by the laws of music, or melodic rhythm. Space forbids a complete treatise on melody at this point, and forbids equally a complete treatise on all the sorts of verse, alliterative, syllabic, accentual, and quantitative. And such treatises as the latter are for the most part useless, as no man can learn much of these things save by first-hand, untrammeled, unprejudiced examination of the finest examples of all these sorts of verse, of the finest strophes and of the finest rhyme-schemes, and by a profound study of the art and history of music.

Neither is surface imitation of much avail, for imitation is, indeed, of use only in so far as it connotes a closer observation, or an attempt closely to study certain forces through their effects. *Ezra Pound*

"SOBRIETY AND EARNESTNESS"

This society, whose purpose is the encouragement of sobriety and earnestness in all the arts.

Thus Mr. Meredith Nicholson to the National Institute of Arts and Letters during its recent session in Chicago. And thus, in effect, the National Institute to the artists of the United States.

That is the trouble with institutions intended for the benefit of art and artists. It is not their fault, perhaps, but merely inevitable in any such organization; the

membership, being numerous, must be composed chiefly, not of exceptional high spirits in the arts, but of sober and earnest workers. These latter, far outnumbering the former, will necessarily protect and perpetuate their own kind by admitting without question the sober and earnest candidate, and rejecting the adventurous and original one.

For this conservatism the sober and earnest are hardly to be blamed. They have no means of recognizing genius when it appears; they honestly suspect original thought, original style. They lack the prophetic imagination to hear in advance the verdict of time, which is merely the reiterated opinion of exceptional spirits. Thus with all possible good will toward genius in the abstract, and with much palaver of praise for entombed genius, they inevitably shut their door in the face of genius in the concrete, embodied in an actual living young man or woman.

Thus we can not too frequently remind these elders who sit in judgment that sobriety and earnestness are precisely the two attributes of mediocrity which need no institute to encourage them; without such aid they win most of the prizes and sit at most of the banquets. The original creative spirit is earnest, no doubt; but his is the earnestness of courage, not that of sobriety. It is the earnestness of fire, which scorches and destroys and gives light, not that of the fog, which decently veils the sun. If the torch-bearer is not encouraged, if he batters

his head against the blind wall of public apathy, it becomes physically and psychologically impossible for him to keep his soul and his light alive. For only when the creative impulse meets an equally strong impulse of sympathy is the highest achievement possible in any department of human effort.

The strongest argument for the Institute's existence, and for the congressional charter which gives it a certain aspect of official sanction, is, as one or two speakers suggested, the scattered and unorganized condition of the arts in the United States. In England and France the capital is the center, and out of a discord of conflicting claims the verdict of London and Paris emerges recognizably and goes around the world. Here there is no center, and no person or group of recognized authority, whose verdict crosses state lines and at least gives the dissenters something to raise a hue and cry about. The well-meaning but preoccupied "barber's wife of the Middle West" has nothing but the opinion of her neighbors to pin her faith upon, or to hit with her bludgeon of common sense. Probably her distraught condition is inevitable in a democracy, and we shall have to await the slow development of her intellect; but it is possible that she may be assisted by the imposing name and the belettered membership of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and its more special inner circle, the American Academy.

If she is to be thus assisted, if these bodies have this excuse for being, it is of course absurd that they should

draw the line of sex. Either they exist for the benefit and development of American arts and letters, or they do not. If they do, they are bound to admit to membership such American artists and men and women of letters as deserve the recognition, regardless of race, color, sex, or previous condition of servitude. If they do not exist for such benefit and development, they deserve neither a charter from Congress nor any other official or popular sanction. In this case their purpose is not even "the encouragement of sobriety and earnestness in all the arts," but only in those creations of art which proceed from sober and earnest males. *H. M.*

REVIEWS

The Little Book of Modern Verse (American), edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Houghton-Mifflin Co.

For a "contemporaneous" anthology this is far from up to date. It includes deceased poets—Richard Hovey, William Vaughn Moody, George Cabot Lodge, Arthur Upson, Trumbull Stickney; also a number born in the fifties or earlier—Messrs. Woodberry, Santayana, Cheney, Sherman, Carman, et al. On the other hand it omits most of the younger men and women who have anything essential to say—Messrs. Pound, Oppenheim, Reed, Ficke, Stringer, Leonard, the Misses Widdemer, Akins, Wyatt, Mrs. Wilkinson and others being conspicuous by their absence. Even when anyone of the more radical progressives is quoted, as in the cases of Messrs.

Robinson and Lindsay, and Mrs. Evans (Florence Wilkinson) the poems selected usually represent their more academic moods.

In fact, if this anthology were complete evidence, our living American poets would deserve the common reproach of having little or nothing to say in immediate relation to modern life and thought; and of saying that little, as a rule, in a too self-conscious early-Victorian manner. Also their morality would seem to be of a Puritan primness more appropriate in a young ladies' boarding-school than in a wind-swept continental nation. We have many love-songs, frequently graceful; many landscape poems ditto, much rhymed eloquence of advice or reflection whose tameness prose would reveal; but few poems which remind us that the artist lives only to give himself away to the world, and give his world away to coming ages.

Our bards may be too timorous and conventional, but they are not so home-bound and hide-bound as this. A less conservative editor would have presented a better case for them. The true modern American anthology, in short, has not yet been assembled. Meantime this incomplete and heavily padded one contains Mr. Robinson's *Lincoln*, Mr. Markham's *Man With the Hoe*, Mr. Lindsay's *Eagle Forgotten*, Mr. Schauffler's *Scum o' the Earth*, Miss Cather's *Grandmither*, Mrs. Evans' *Memorial Tablet*, Mr. Kilmer's *Martin*, Miss Guiney's *Kings*, and a few other things of inextinguishable fire. *H. M.*

Minions of the Moon; The Republic; two volumes of poetry by Madison Cawein. Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati.

In the reviewer's judgment, the two best poems in the first volume are *Wasteland* and *The Old Home*, originally published in POETRY. These have a genuine and homely sincerity that distinguishes them from the other more conventionally facile poems of the volume. *The Republic*, the first poem in the second book, is a patriotic ode, full of the usual high-sounding meaningless abstractions, touching earth only once, in the fourth strophe, manifestly imitative of the third strope of Moody's *Ode in Time of Hesitation*.

> By the long leagues of cotton Texas rolls,
> And Mississippi bolls;
> By the wide seas of wheat
> The far Dakotas beat
> Against the barriers of the mountainland:
> And by the miles of maize
> Nebraska lays
> Like a vast carpet in
> Her House of Nights and Days,
> Where, glittering in council meet
> The Spirits of the Cold and Heat,
> With old Fertility whose heart they win:
> By all the wealth replete
> Within our scan,
> From Florida to where the snows begin,
> Made manifest of Nature unto Man—
> Behold!
> The land is as a mighty scroll unrolled, etc.

Streets, by Douglas Goldring. Max Goschen, London.
A Country Boy, by Douglas Goldring. Andrew Melrose, London.

Mr. Goldring exhibits a determined intention to portray contemporary subjects. The portrayal is largely external, objective; consisting of graphic sketches of houses, streets, places and people. He does it very well, with a certain bare directness; but, after all, one misses just that note of subjective feeling which furnishes the necessary bridge of sympathy. In this sense Mr. Goldring's work comes dangerously near photography, representing scenes with which we are indeed familiar, but to which, if anything more than casual importance is to be attached, the personal vision must be added.

> All down Acacia Road there are small bow windows
> Jutting out neighborly heads in the street,
> And in each sits, framed, a quiet old woman.
> They watch the couples who pass or meet.

This, for instance, one of the best stanzas in the book, is more than photography; but if the external eye is to dominate literature, as it has dominated and destroyed drama, what hope will there be for poetry?

The Poems of Paul Mariett. Mitchell Kennerley.

Young as he was, Paul Mariett did not die without record, without achievement. This small volume of posthumous poems reveals a mind that had, to a large extent, escaped the swaddling bands of imitation and convention. There is an unmistakable note of sin-

cerity and honest originality in his work. There is structure and beauty, not lacking in restraint, and a stern quality as of iron in these poems. The twilight of the nerves, that pervasive note of modern poetry, or of the poetry of the nineties, has no place in this book. Twilight is here, but it is the twilight of a strong mind and a strong body, not unakin in spirit, though not in expression, to the hard, unblinking acceptance of the tragic side of life that we have recognized in Synge. As Mr. Walter Lippman says in his preface, "In Paul Mariett the tragic is always active, sharp and colored; it was not so much a regret over life as an insight into it." Not all of the poems represent an equally high grade of achievement. I should especially recommend *Coming Home from the Play; Exotic; The Temple of Azzi-Rep; The House of Eric; And A Wife in Every Port; Crew Practice; Lyric*—but the reader must make his own choice after all.

Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody, edited with an Introduction by Daniel Gregory Mason. Houghton Mifflin Co.

It is a pity that the glamour of personal friendship should have permitted the publishing of these early letters of William Vaughn Moody. These letters, not without charm to those who are able to feel through them the renewed warmth of a magnetic personality, yet reflect very little of the poet's literary maturity, and can contribute little to the public appreciation of his genius.

In a larger group of letters, representing the fuller development of the man, they would have found their place. William Vaughn Moody was a conscientious artist, scrupulously exacting and reserved, deliberately refusing to give anything but the best of himself to the public. The most inspiriting phase of this volume is found in the letter to Mr. Henry Miller protesting against a certain deterioration in the stage presentation of *The Great Divide*, and in the note supplied by Mr. Mason of the author's refusal, for artistic reasons, to allow the novelization of the successful play—a refusal estimated modestly at a cost of from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars. To how many American authors would not such a refusal seem quixotic and extreme? Or how many English authors would have resisted the temptation? It is by such an action that one may measure the strength of the man, and refute the European belief in the complete commercialism of American letters. *A. C. H.*

A WORD FROM MR. YEATS

The following letter to the editor of POETRY explains itself:

When I got the very unexpected letter with the prize of £50, my first emotion was how much it would have meant to me even ten years ago; and then I thought surely there must be some young American writer today to whom it would mean a great deal, not only in practical help, but in encouragement. I want you therefore not to think that I am in any way ungrateful to you, or in any way anxious to put myself into a different category to your other contributors because I send

back to you £40. I will keep £10, and with that I will get Mr. Sturge Moore to make me a book-plate, and so shall have a permanent memory of your generous magazine. I vacillated a good deal until I thought of this solution, for it seemed to me so ungracious to refuse; but if I had accepted I should have been bothered by the image of some unknown needy young man in a garret. Yours sincerely,

W. B. YEATS.

In another letter Mr. Yeats says:

I want to make a suggestion which you need not follow in any way. Why not give the £40 to Ezra Pound? I suggest him to you because, although I do not really like with my whole soul the metrical experiments he has made for you, I think those experiments show a vigorous imaginative mind. He is certainly a creative personality of some sort, though it is too soon yet to say of what sort. His experiments are perhaps errors, I am not certain; but I would always sooner give the laurel to vigorous errors than to any orthodoxy not inspired.

I would like to say, however, that I have liked other work in your magazines; I remember finding one number particularly charming. But I think one is always safest if one selects a personality. Of course there may be other men equally creative, but then you see I am in ignorance, and that is precisely why I feel I can only suggest to you a little timidly: not to put my judgment before yours, but because I may help you out of a difficulty.

The prize having been awarded to Mr. Yeats, the editor of POETRY accepts as final his suggestion as to the disposition of the portion of it which he returns. And she does this with the more pleasure as it enables her to acknowledge her high appreciation not only of Mr. Pound's poetry, but also of his disinterested and valuable service as Foreign Correspondent of the magazine.

Mr. D. H. Lawrence has become conspicuous of late both in England and this country. Besides such works in prose as *The White Peacock* and *The Trespasser*, he is the author of *Love Poems and Others* (Kennerley), and of the recently published *Sons and Lovers* (Kennerley).

Miss Grace Fallow Norton, of Woodstock, N. Y., is the author of *Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's* (Houghton-Mifflin Co.) and of numerous poems in magazines.

Mr. Richard Aldington is a young English *Imagiste* whom POETRY introduced to American readers over a year ago.

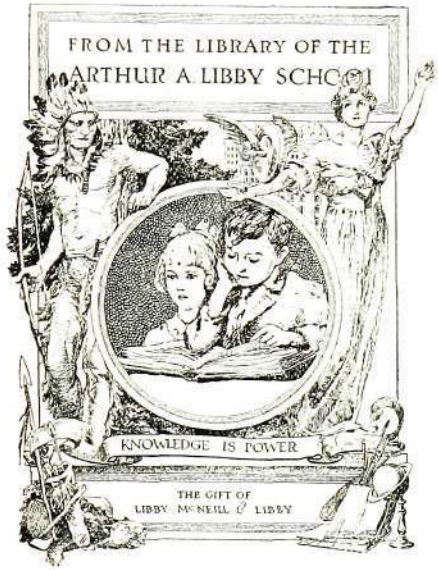
Mr. Clinton Scollard, of Clinton, N. Y., was from 1891 to 1896 Professor of English Literature in Hamilton College. He is the author of numerous books of verse, the latest being *Lyrics from a Library* (Browning).

Mr. John Cournos is a young American poet residing in England. "Minor Watson" is a pseudonym.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Aphrodite and Other Poems, by John Helston. Macmillan Co.
Bread and Circuses, by Helen Parry Eden. John Lane.
The Beginning of Grand Opera in Chicago, by Karleton Hackett. The Laurentian Publishers, Chicago.
The Ride Home, Florence Wilkinson Evans. Houghton Mifflin Co.
Lyra Yalensis, by Edward Bliss Reed. Yale University Press.

Heroic Ballads of Servia, by George Rapall and Leonard Bacon. Sherman, French & Co.
Lumières du Monde, by Paul Castiaux. Mercure de France.
The Crescent Moon: Child Poems, by Rabindranath Tagore. Macmillan.
Vestigia, by Algernon Sydney Logan. Moffat, Yard & Company.
The Vital Study of Literature, by William Norman Guthrie. Chas. H. Sergle & Co.
Songs and Sonnets, by Burton Haseltine. Privately printed.
The Lonely Dancer and Other Poems, by Richard Le Gallienne. John Lane Co.
The Vigo Verse Anthology, Elkin Mathews.
Interludes and Other Verses, by Lillie Buffum Chace Wyman. W. B. Clark Co.
The Songs of Aphrodite and Other Poems, by Margaret Sackville. Elkin Mathews.
Sonnets of Head and Heart, by Joseph Warren Beach. Richard G. Badger.
The Growth of Love, by Robert Bridges. Thos. B. Mosher.
Andromache, a Play in Three Acts, by Gilbert Murray. Mosher.
The Pierrot of the Minute, by Ernest Dawson. Mosher.
Songs from an Italian Garden, by A. Mary F. Robinson. Mosher.
From the Upanishads, by Charles Johnston. Mosher.
Songs of Adiem, an Anthology. Mosher.
The Sermon on the Mount, from the King James Version. Mosher.



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FEBRUARY, 1914

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Hermonax—Avon

The Code—Heroics Robert Frost

Songs of Deliverance . . . Orrick Johns
The Song of Youth—Virgins—No Prey Am I.

Comments and Reviews
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Poetry
A Magazine of Verse

VOL. III
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FEBRUARY, 1914

POEMS

OUR CANAL

IN lazy laughing Panama—
O flutter of ribbon 'twixt the seas!
The low-roofed houses lie afloat,
White foam-drift of the Caribbees.
Under lithe palms that fan the sky
Down in each drowsy plaza there
Brown-footed girls go glancing by
With red hibiscus in their hair.
Low mountains, trailing veils of cloud,
In the two oceans dip their feet,
And hear the proud tides roaring loud
Where Andes with Sierras meet.
O Panama! O ribbon-twist
That ties the continents together,
Now East and West shall slip your tether
And keep their ancient tryst.

What are you doing here,
Young men, with your engines vast?
Sons of the pioneer
Who conquered wastes austere
And from ocean to ocean passed;
Sons of the men who made
Reaper and telegraph,
Steamer and aeroplane—
All the iron-handed things,
Swift feet and ears and wings,
That would make the old gods laugh
For the bitter games they played
With the secrets they kept in vain:
What are you doing here,
Young men, with your dredges and drills
That level the ancient hills
Into a path for ships?
Open your eyes and lips—
What do you see and hear?

"Oh, we build you the world's last wonder,
The thing not made with hands.
Our steel beasts gnaw asunder
The locked and laboring lands.
We choke the torrent's rage
And bid him his wrath assuage
By drowning the jungle deep.

In steel-locked chambers gray
We hold his floods at bay,
On wide blue lakes asleep.
Now shall the brave ships ride
Over the crouching hill
From eager tide to tide,
That so we may fulfil
The iron century's will;
That so our country, maker of tools sublime,
The nations may surprise
With this last gift of the grand old workman, Time;
His prodigy powerful, delicate, sentient, wise,
Perfect in strange completeness, strong to obey,
Strong to compel the world along its way
And praise man's triumph in its mighty rhyme."

But what are you doing here,
Young men, with your flags?—
With your glamor of joy severe
In the labor that never lags?
With your villages up the hill,
The screened little houses gay,
Where the good of all is the will
Of each in a grand new way?
Sons of the men who founded
New states in the wilds, to be
Garden and range unbounded

For young Democracy;
Sons of the heroes dear
Who fought for liberty,
What are you doing here?

"Look, it's the same old fight
Out of the dark to the light;
Never the end shall be
Till the last slave is free!
Here while we dig the Ditch
We would build you a perfect state,
Where service makes men great
And the great scorn to be rich;
Where each one has his place
And a measure more than his mead—
A banner of joy to grace
The strength of the daily deed;
Where wan Disease, the slayer,
Is trapped in his poison lair
With Squalor and Want and Care;
Where the Work is a marching song
Sung by us all together,
Bearing the race along
Through good and evil weather.
Oh tell them, shout it through the halls of time!—
When the Big Chief unrolls his glorious plan,
Draws hearts and hands together in perfect rhyme,
Nothing shall be impossible to Man!"

But what are you doing here,
Young men, with your gates?—
With your bells and beacons clear
Where the hope of the whole world waits?
With your call across the seas
To the ships that circle afar,
To the nations that burn and freeze
Each under her separate star?
Sons of the dreamers brave
Who followed the Truth austere,
Of poets and prophets grave—
What are you doing here?

"Hush! we wait at the gate
Till the dream shall be the law,
He gave us our beacons and bells
Who first the vision saw,
And the fleets of the world in state
Shall follow his caravels.
Ghost-led, our ships shall sail
West to the ancient East.
Once more the quest of the Grail,
And the greatest shall be the least.
We shall circle the earth around
With peace like a garland fine;
The warring world shall be bound
With a girdle of love divine.
What build we from coast to coast?
'Tis a path for the Holy Ghost.

Oh Tomorrow and Yesterday
At its gate clasp hands, touch lips;
They shall send men forth in ships
To find the perfect way.

"All that was writ shall be fulfilled at last.
Come—till we round the circle, end the story.
The west-bound sun leads forward to the past
The thundering cruisers and the caravels.
Tomorrow you shall hear our song of glory
Rung in the chime of India's temple bells."

O lazy laughing Panama!
O flutter of ribbon 'twixt the seas!
Pirate and king your colors wore
And stained with blood your golden keys.
Now what strange guest, on what mad quest,
Lifts up your trophy to the breeze!
O Panama, O ribbon-twist
That ties the continents together,
Now East and West shall slip your tether
And keep their ancient tryst.

To COLONEL GOETHALS
and the other laborers
in the Canal Zone

LOVE SONGS

I

I love my life, but not too well
 To give it to thee like a flower,
So it may pleasure thee to dwell
 Deep in its perfume but an hour.
I love my life, but not too well.

I love my life, but not too well
 To sing it note by note away,
So to thy soul the song may tell
 The beauty of the desolate day.
I love my life, but not too well.

I love my life, but not too well
 To cast it like a cloak on thine,
Against the storms that sound and swell
 Between thy lonely heart and mine.
I love my life, but not too well.

II

Your love is like a blue blue wave
 The little rainbows play in.
Your love is like a mountain cave
 Cool shadows darkly stay in.

It thrills me like great gales at war,
 It soothes like softest singing.

It bears me where clear rivers are,
 With reeds and rushes swinging;
Or out to pearly shores afar
 Where temple bells are ringing.

III

And is it pain to you
 That we must love and part?
Ah, if you only knew
 The gladness in my heart!

Love is enough. Each day
 I look upon the sun,
He loves me! I shall say,
 Now is my life begun.

He loves me! Every night,
 On the dark verge of sleep
The rapture will alight
 And to my bosom creep.

Peace, for I should not dare
 A keener joy implore.
My soul shall feel no care—
 Until you love no more.

LULLABY

My little one, sleep softly
 Among the toys and flowers.
Sleep softly, O my first-born son,
 Through all the long dark hours.
And if you waken far away
 I shall be wandering too.
If far away you run and play
 My heart must follow you.

Sleep softly, O my baby,
 And smile down in your sleep.
Here are red rose-buds for your bed—
 Smile, and I will not weep.
We made our pledge—you had no fear;
 What then to fear have I?
Though long you sleep, I shall be near;
 So hush—we must not cry.

Sleep softly, dear one, softly—
 They can not part us now;
Forever rest here on my breast,
 My kiss upon your brow.
What though they hide a little grave
 With dream-flowers false or true?
What difference? We will just be brave
 Together—I and you.

THE INNER SILENCE

Noises that strive to tear
Earth's mantle soft of air
And break upon the stillness where it dwells:
The noise of battle and the noise of prayer,
The cooing noise of love that softly tells
Joy's brevity, the brazen noise of laughter—
All these affront me not, nor echo after
Through the long memories.
They may not enter the deep chamber where
Forever silence is.

Silence more soft than spring hides in the ground
Beneath her budding flowers;
Silence more rich than ever was the sound
Of harps through long warm hours.
'Tis like a hidden vastness, even as though
Great suns might there beat out their measures slow
Nor break the hush mightier than they.
There do I dwell eternally,
There where no thought may follow me,
Nor stillest dreams whose pinions plume the way.

NOW

Yosemite Valley

It is creation's morning—
 Freshly the rivers run.
The cliffs, white brows adorning,
 Sing to the shining sun.

The forest, plumed and crested,
 Scales the steep granite wall.
The ranged peaks, glacier-breasted,
 March to the festival.

The mountains dance together,
 Lifting their domed heads high.
The cataract's foamy feather
 Flaunts in the streaming sky.

Somewhere a babe is borning,
 Somewhere a maid is won.
It is creation's morning—
 Now is the world begun.

Harriet Monroe

HERMONAX

Gods of the sea;
Ino,
Leaving warm meads
For the green, grey-green fastnesses
Of the great deeps;
And Palemon,
Bright striker of sea-shaft,
Hear me.

Let all whom the sea loveth,
Come to its altar front,
And I
Who can offer no other sacrifice to thee
Bring this.

Broken by great waves,
The wavelets flung it here,
This sea-gliding creature,
This strange creature like a weed,
Covered with salt foam,
Torn from the hillocks
Of rock.

I Hermonax,
Caster of nets,
Risking chance,

Plying the sea craft,
Came on it.

Thus to sea god
Cometh gift of sea wreck;
I Hermonax offer it,
To thee, Ino,
And to Palemon.

ACON

After Johnannes Baptista Amaltheus

I.

Bear me to Dictaeus,
And to the steep slopes;
To the river Erymanthus.

I choose spray of dittany,
Cyperum frail of flower,
Buds of myrrh,
All-healing herbs,
Close pressed in Kalathoi.

For she lies panting,
Drawing sharp breath,
Broken with harsh sobs,
She, Hyella,
Whom no god pitieth.

II.

Dryads
Haunting the groves,
Nereids
Who dwell in wet caves,
For all the whitish leaves of olive-branch,
And early roses,
And ivy wreaths, woven gold berries,
Which she once brought to your altars,
Bear now ripe fruits from Arcadia,
And Assyrian wine
To shatter her fever.

The light of her face falls from its flower,
As a hyacinth,
Hidden in a far valley,
Perishes upon burnt grass.

Palles,
Bring gifts,
Bring you Phoenician stuffs,
And do you, fleet-footed nymphs,
Bring offerings,
Illyrian iris,
And a branch of shrub,
And frail-headed poppies.

H. D.

THE CODE—HEROICS

There were three in the meadow by the brook,
Gathering up windrows, piling haycocks up,
With an eye always lifted toward the west,
Where an irregular, sun-bordered cloud
Darkly advanced with a perpetual dagger
Flickering across its bosom. Suddenly
One helper, thrusting pitchfork in the ground,
Marched himself off the field and home. One stayed.
The town-bred farmer failed to understand.

What was there wrong?
Something you said just now.
What did I say?
About our taking pains.
To cock the hay?—because it's going to shower?
I said that nearly half an hour ago.
I said it to myself as much as you.

You didn't know. But James is one big fool.
He thought you meant to find fault with his work.
That's what the average farmer would have meant.
James had to take his time to chew it over
Before he acted; he's just got round to act.

He *is* a fool if that's the way he takes me.

Don't let it bother you. You've found out something.
The hand that knows his business won't be told
To do work faster or better—those two things.
I'm as particular as anyone:
Most likely I'd have served you just the same:
But I know you don't understand our ways.
You were just talking what was in your mind,
What was in all our minds, and you weren't hinting.
Tell you a story of what happened once.
I was up here in Salem, at a man's
Named Sanders, with a gang of four or five,
Doing the haying. No one liked the boss.
He was one of the kind sports call a spider,
All wiry arms and legs that spread out wavy
From a humped body nigh as big as a biscuit.
But work!—that man could work, especially
If by so doing he could get more work
Out of his hired help. I'm not denying
He was hard on himself: I couldn't find
That he kept any hours—not for himself.
Day-light and lantern-light were one to him:
I've heard him pounding in the barn all night.
But what he liked was someone to encourage.
Them that he couldn't lead he'd get behind
And drive, the way you can, you know, in mowing—
Keep at their heels and threaten to mow their legs off.
I'd seen about enough of his bulling tricks—
We call that bulling. I'd been watching him.

So when he paired off with me in the hayfield
To load the load, thinks I, look out for trouble!
I built the load and topped it off; old Sanders
Combed it down with the rake and said "O. K."
Everything went right till we reached the barn
With a big take to empty in a bay.
You understand that meant the easy job
For the man up on top of throwing down
The hay and rolling it off wholesale,
Where, on a mow, it would have been slow lifting.
You wouldn't think a fellow'd need much urging
Under those circumstances, would you now?
But the old fool seizes his fork in both hands,
And looking up bewhiskered out of the pit,
Shouts like an army captain, "Let her come!"
Thinks I, D'ye mean it? "What was that you said?"
I asked out loud so's there'd be no mistake.
"Did you say, let her come?" "Yes, let her come."
He said it over, but he said it softer.
Never you say a thing like that to a man,
Not if he values what he is. God, I'd as soon
Murdered him as left out his middle name.
I'd built the load and knew just where to find it.
Two or three forkfuls I picked lightly round for
Like meditating, and then I just dug in
And dumped the rackful on him in ten lots.
I looked over the side once in the dust
And caught sight of him treading-water-like,

Keeping his head above. "Damn ye," I says,
"That gets ye!" He squeaked like a squeezed rat.

That was the last I saw or heard of him.
I cleaned the rack and drove out to cool off.
As I sat mopping the hayseed from my neck,
And sort of waiting to be asked about it,
One of the boys sings out, "Where's the old man?"
"I left him in the barn, under the hay.
If you want him you can go and dig him out."
They realized from the way I swobbed my neck
More than was needed, something must be up.
They headed for the barn—I stayed where I was.
They told me afterward: First they forked hay,
A lot of it, out into the barn floor.
Nothing! They listened for him. Not a rustle!
I guess they thought I'd spiked him in the temple
Before I buried him, else I couldn't have managed.
They excavated more. "Go keep his wife
Out of the barn."
Some one looked in a window;
And curse me, if he wasn't in the kitchen,
Slumped way down in a chair, with both his feet
Stuck in the oven, the hottest day that summer.
He looked so mad in back, and so disgusted
There was no one that dared to stir him up
Or let him know that he was being looked at.
Apparently I hadn't buried him

(I may have knocked him down), but just my trying
To bury him had hurt his dignity.
He had gone to the house so's not to face me.
He kept away from us all afternoon.
We tended to his hay. We saw him out
After a while, picking peas in the garden:
He couldn't keep away from doing something.

Weren't you relieved to find he wasn't dead?

No!—and yet I can't say: it's hard to tell.
I went about to kill him fair enough.

You took an awkward way. Did he discharge you?

Discharge me? No! He knew I did just right.

Robert Frost

SONGS OF DELIVERANCE

I THE SONG OF YOUTH

This is the song of youth,
This is the cause of myself;
I knew my father well and he was a fool,
Therefore will I have my own foot in the path before I take a step;
I will go only into new lands,
And I will walk on no plank-walks.
The horses of my family are wind-broken,
And the dogs are old,
And the guns rusty;
I will make me a new bow from an ash-tree,
And cut up the homestead into arrows.

Behold how people stand around!
(There are always crowds of people standing around,
Whose legs have no knees)—
While the engineers put up steel work . . .
Is it something to catch the sunlight,
Jewelry and gew-gaw?
I have no time to wait for them to build bridges for me;
Where awful the gap seems stretching there is no gap,
Leaping I take it at once from a thought to a thought.
I can no more walk in the stride of other men
Than be father of their children.

My treasure lured like a bright star,
And I went to it young and desirous.
Lo, as it stood there in its great chests,
The wise men came up with the keys,
Crying, "Blasphemy, blasphemy!"
For I had broken the locks. . .
And when the procession went waving to a funeral,
They cried it again;
For I stayed in my home and spoke truth about the dead.

Much did I learn waiting in my youth;
At the door of a great man I waited on one foot and then on the other.
The files passed in and out before me to the antechamber, for at that door I was not favored:
(O costly preferment!)
Yet I watched them coming and going,
And I learned the great man by heart from the stories on their faces.
When presently the retainers arrived, one above the other in a row, saying:
"The great man is ready,"
I had long been a greater than he.

This is the reason for myself:
When I used to go in the races, I had but one prayer,
And I went first before the judges, saying:
"Give everyone a distance, such as you consider best;
I will run scratch."

II VIRGINS

I have had one fear in my life—
When I was young I feared virgins;
But I do not any more . . .
By contact with them I learn that each is a center,
And has a period of brightness,
And stands epitome in that brief space
Of the Universe!
Ah, the ephemeral eternal!
In virgins' eyes I would live reflected as in a globe,
And know myself purer than crystal.

III NO PREY AM I

No prey am I of poor thoughts.
I leave all of my followers; I tire quickly of them;
I send them away from me when they ask too much; for
though I live alone
Still will I live, night and day . . .

There is not anything in me save mutation and laughter;
My laughter is like a sword,
Like the piston-rod that defies oceans and grades.
When I labor it is a song of battle in the broad noon;
For behold the muscles of a man—
They are piston-rods; they are cranes, hydraulic presses,
powder-magazines:

But though my body be as beautiful as a hill crowned with flowers
I will despise it and make it obey me . . .

Is the old love dead?
Then I shall await the new,
To embrace it more sturdily and passionately than ever the old;
And break it under the white force of my laughter
Until it lies passive in my arms.
There is nothing in me but renewal;
If my friend bow his head over me I soon surprise him with shouts of joy:
For in an instant I am again what I was,
Only with a few moments more of the infusion of Earth;
I tell him, the griever, to follow me and he is a griever no more;
He raises his head and must follow.
Yet it is my battle, not his battle,
For in me I absorb others . . .
I hail parties and partisans from afar;
Not men but parties are my comrades,
Not persons but nations are my associates.
I shake the hand of nations;
For I am a nation and a party, and majorities do not elect me—
I elect myself.
I swam in the sea, and lo!

The continents assembled like islands off my coast.
My talk is with Homer and Bonaparte, with David and Garibaldi, with China and Pharaoh and Texas;
When I laugh it is with Lucifer and Rabelais.
A pathfinder is my mistress, one hard to keep and unbridled,
I have no respect for tame women.
My friends and I do not meet every day,
For we are centuries apart, our salutations girdle the globe.
I have eaten locusts with Jeremiah;
I invite all hatreds and the stings of little creatures,
They enrich me, I glory in my parasites.

No man shall ever read me,
For I bring about in a gesture what they cannot fathom in a life;
Yet I tell Bob and Harry and Bill—
It costs me nothing to be kind;
If I am a generous adversary, be not deceived, neither be devoted—
It is because I despise you.
Yet if any man claim to be my peer I shall meet him,
For that man has an insolence that I like;
I am beholden to him.
I know the lightning when I see it,
And the toad when I see it. . .
I warn all pretenders.

Yet before I came it was known of me to the chosen, all
that I should do.
Every tree knew it;
Every lion and every leech knew it—
And called out to meet the new enemy,
The new friend. . .
What power can deny me?
It was known that I should do not one thing but hundreds,
For I despise my works and make them obey me.
I have my time and I bide it. . .
It was known that I should turn no whit from my end,
until I had attained it.

Nothing has scathed me,
Nothing ever, nor ever will.
I have touched pitch, I have revelled in it and rolled in it;
Buried in mire and filth, I laughed long,
And sprang up.
I have loved lust and vain deviltries
And taken them into my heart—
Their dirt and their lies—and my heart was aflame
With a new fancy. . .
Not me can pitch defile!
For the Spring, my sister, rose under my feet
And I was again naked and white,
Ready to dive into the deep pool, green and bottomless,
The medium for heroes, since it is dangerous and beautiful—

The pool of Tomorrow!
It is because I breathe like fishes and live in the waters
of Tomorrow that Death fears me. . .

How often I have intercepted thee, O Death!
O windy Liar!
Thou canst do nothing against me;
If I command thee to stand back thou art afraid and
cowerest,
For I have caught thee often and punished thee. . .

I am the greatest laugher of all,
Greater than the sun and the oak-tree,
Than the frog and Apollo;
I laugh all day long!
I laugh at Death, I hail Death, I kiss her on the cheek
as a lover his bride,
But the lover goes not to his bride unless he desire her;
I go not to Death until I am ready.
The strong lover goes not to his bride save when he would
people his land with sons,
Then I too, I go not to Death, save it be for the labor
greater than all others.
I shall break her with my laughter;
I shall complete her. . .
Only then shall Death be when I die!

Orrick Johns

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE LAST VICTORIAN

The Works of Francis Thompson: 3 vols. Scribner.

Francis Thompson has not been ten years dead, but already Time's busy secretaries are writing out the verdict. For there is nothing in his verse or prose which only the future can interpret; he was not Shelley crying havoc, or Blake divining the song of the morning stars. Neither in the truth which he uttered nor in his art, its instrument, was he beyond the reach of contemporary judgment, which recognizes, in him, a colder and more austere modern descendant of the mediaeval mystics, one who, as a poet, was the last of the great Victorians.

Of these he was in certain respects one of the least important. The quantity and range of his work are slight; and his lyric strain, however poignant, is less inherently original than were those of Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti and Swinburne. But more than any of these men, his whole intellectual and spiritual life was shut up with the vision; in a narrow chamber, if you will, before a shrine which, to the Anglo-Saxon temperament, seems almost cluttered with gorgeous trappings, but yet free of worldly images and distractions. The fire of physical suffering scarred him to the bone, maiming his creative power and shortening his life; but at least it burned away much modern rubbish.

Thus of all the Victorians, he was perhaps the most nakedly sincere, the most passionately alive to purely spiritual values. True, he clothed his spirituality in a mediaeval ritual of gorgeous images and colored words; such sublimated materialism was partly an inheritance of his faith, and partly temperamental with him. His eyes saw the vision thus and not otherwise, even as John beheld the jeweled hierarchies of heaven. For him the ultimate truth was thus veiled, but it was not well-nigh concealed, as with Tennyson, by the formidable structure of Society, or dimmed, as with Browning, by distracting vapors of emotional and intellectual delight. It did not contend with a crowd of rights and wrongs, of loves and hates and literary preoccupations, as with Swinburne, or falter beneath suspicion and cynicism, as with Rossetti, or hide behind nineteenth century pessimism, as with Arnold. Francis Thompson's life was stripped bare of all these things.

His message is, of course, summed up in *The Hound of Heaven*, the world-old message of the spiritual conquest of man. Roman Catholic and mediaeval mystic as he was, the message is not essentially different from that of Bunyan in *The Pilgrim's Progress;* and, as in the great non-conformist's allegory, the battle becomes a series of symbolic pictures. But the new series is more stern than the old, and we miss the flash of joy, the orchestral finale of ecstasy, at the end. In Bunyan lingered something of Elizabethan rapture; he could not

be robbed of happiness by all the world's injustice, summed up in years of imprisonment. But Thompson was a child of a colder age; his religion was wrested from a mind afraid of joy.

In his intellectual attitude Thompson was a conservative. He was an orthodox Roman Catholic; he expressed in various odes the conventional British view of the Victorian era, Cecil Rhodes, the Boer war, etc.; and though in *The Nineteenth Century* he passes in proud review the new knowledge won by science, he has but a dim and fleeting vision of new "glories past its own conceit" for the "blind worm" of materialism. In his art also he was content with the old forms, and he clung, more lovingly than most of his contemporaries, to the old archaisms. The encrusted velvet of his poetic diction was further than theirs from the garb of living speech. Yet sometimes he attained a strain of fiery purity, and of rhythmic beauty rarely surpassed. Perhaps his finest moment of lyric utterance is the famous passage from the essay of Shelley. There, free from verse forms which often tempted him to an over-sumptuous ritual, he speaks quite simply and unconsciously, with bolder imagery and a grander rhythmic movement, than in even his finest poems.

But if he was not the prophet of a new era, he was a spirit beautiful and noble astray and well-nigh ruined in a world too huge and clattering and distracted; one who, his gaze thrown onward, saw a few things with

singular intensity and told of them with complete sincerity; who, reduced to sordid penury, never whined or lost the vision. At the end he could truthfully say of his muse:

> Her heart sole-towered in her steep spirit,
> Somewhat sweet is she, somewhat wan;
> And she sings the songs of Sion
> By the streams of Babylon.

LINDSAY'S POEMS

General William Booth Enters into Heaven, and Other Poems, by Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. Kennerley.

It is not for nothing that Nicholas Vachel Lindsay was born in Lincoln's city, and within eye-shot of the Capitol. Political idealism, typified by the dead leader, wages bloody war in his imagination with political shiftiness, typified by that faulty dome. In boyhood he must have brandished some old soldier's sword, and sharpened it to a keener edge as he gazed at the forlornly shoddy tomb of the martyred hero. Perhaps the grim humor of the situation was embodied for him in that luckless monument, which was the best that America could do in the sixties to honor the memory of the greatest modern Man, the master-spirit who, among other details of his greatness, included that of being our supreme artist in English prose.

In any case the young Nicholas grew up a crusader,

one with a sense of the tragedy and comedy in all the futile and costly ugliness around him. The people had intended beauty—in that belief his faith was sure; it was his business to strip off the cheap offerings, the tawdry incrustations of false ideals, and reveal to them the living shrine.

This, in his opinion, is what a poet is for. This seems to be what he is trying to do in preaching his "gospel of beauty," in crying out against drink, prostitution, luxury, graft, and other forms of vicious hideousness; and in pleading for bare beggary, true love, imaginative thinking, clean living—all austere ideals. His sincerity in this use of his art hardly admits of question; the point for us is, how far does he, in this first book of poems, get his message into poetry?

Perhaps it is not too fond a claim that at least he makes a beginning, puts one stout foot on the slope of Parnassus, in such poems as *General William Booth Enters into Heaven*, *Eagle Forgotten*, *Where is David?* And one would praise finely phrased lines, and passages of high spiritual sympathy, in the poems about Poe and O. Henry, and the light-hearted singing lilt in some of the fanciful poems.

Mr. Lindsay is a poet with a message, a message which his fellow-countrymen would seem to be in need of. May all the prairie muses help him to utter it!

H. M.

POETIC DRAMAS

The Americans, by Edwin Davies Schoonmaker. Mitchell Kennerley.

Mr. Faust, by Arthur Davison Ficke. Mitchell Kennerley.

The Wolf of Gubbio, by Josephine Preston Peabody. Houghton-Mifflin Co.

Tiger, by Witter Bynner. Mitchell Kennerley.

Mr. Edwin Davies Schoonmaker's five-act poetic drama, *The Americans*, is announced as a play "dealing with the daily life both of the masses and the classes." This is enough to prompt misgiving. But Mr. Schoonmaker has put a great deal of life into his types, and his work carries with it the author's passionate conviction, too often lacking in modern plays presenting social causes. It is true that the play bears the strain of that overwrought emotionalism, at once realistic and artificial, which is the signet of melodrama; but in spite of the forced nobility of his heroes and the mechanical inhumanity of his capitalist, he has nevertheless been able to infuse in his play a spirit of earnestness and passionate faith that raises it above its own envelope, as it were. His scheme is too vast to adapt itself to the practical concerns of stage presentation, and the speech of his characters has not been focused narrowly enough upon the need of concrete realization by the audience. His canvas reminds one of those panoramic views of Gettysburg, or the

Crucifixion, impossible to visualize save by taking in at once a three-quarters' view of the horizon. Because the spirit of the play commands sympathy, the regret is all the more keen that it was not fashioned for immediate and practical stage use. It deals with original, native material and is thus a step in the right direction. For all the activity of our drama leagues and our endowed or subsidized theatres, their stages remain empty or are temporarily filled with foreign literary drama, to which the great mass of our people remain unsympathetic because these plays have no immediate significance for them. The drama ceases to be a moving force when it is divorced from life.

Mr. Ficke's modern version of the Faust legend is not divorced from life, in that it is supposed to give us the essence of life. But life extracted from life tends towards abstraction; and Mr. Ficke's characters become types of the "tough or tender-minded," in the phrasing of William James; they are generalities, puppets, on which the poet strings his philosophical action. The spirit of his message is so modern and so much in the air at present that it would be almost trite to remark that Mr. Faust might just as well have been called Mr. Neitsche. Judged from the standpoint of poetic dramatic expression, one regrets again the lack of stage sense in conception, and a certain monotonous regularity in the poetic vehicle, apparent also in the drama by Mr. Schoonmaker. Iambic pentameter is a foot-rule supposed to govern all English

blank verse; but the organic rhythms of the classic prototypes transcend the measure.

In *The Wolf of Gubbio*, Mrs. Josephine Preston Peabody varies her blank verse with lyric movements; but her play is also a closet drama. Is it because our stage is so largely pictorial—and all our modern revolutionaries tend to make it more so—that we have lost, as dramatists, the power to endow character with life and action independent of scenic environment and explanation? At present, I believe that if the author were forced to omit all stage directions, and all indications of scenery, relying solely upon his own medium to express his dramatic content, we should come nearer to actable and consistent drama. A large part of the action of Mrs. Peabody's drama is in stage directions quite impossible of stage realization. "Out of the bleak refrain of the wind comes the voice of The Wolf, big and sorrowful," is the opening word of her play.

Tiger is a piece of dramatic propaganda, a brief one-act play moving swiftly to a striking climax. Were it comedy rather than tragedy it would be called a farce, since its action is based upon situation, and its characters are types whose parts in life seem to be externally arranged. Destiny, that *deus ex machina* of the old plays, was really far less external than the social conscience that disposes the fate of characters on the stage today. Mr. Bynner's characters are types too, in the sense that they are familiar in contemporary journalism. There is no

objection to this, but one wishes that he could have made them a little more human and less artificial. It would not have hurt the propagandist motive of his play if he had moved us to sympathy for their thwarted sense of life, their perverted instincts, the debased histories of their stunted souls. This would, rather, have given us that sense of time, that spherical depth beneath the surface, which is necessary to the permanent effect of any drama, however short. Synge's short plays have this permanence, just because they do give this sense of the relation of a part to the whole of life, this rounded completeness. Mr. Bynner's play is eminently actable, and the most interesting thing about it for us is that it is written in verse which is close to speech, and that it moves as readily, or in fact more readily, than if written in prose. *A. C. H.*

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

I

Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite issued recently through the *Boston Transcript* his annual pronunciamento upon current poetry in American magazines. He has heroically read all the verse in "the seven leading magazines," mostly those solemn standpatters which print a little verse as a decorative incident. We quote his mathematical table of conclusions:

> The total number of poems printed in each magazine, and the number of the distinctive (*sic.*) poems are: *Century*, total 58, 30 of distinction; *Harper's*, total 57, 29 of distinction; *Scribner's*, total 45, 30 of distinction; *Forum*, total 53, 27 of distinction; *Lippincott's*, total 66, 21 of distinction; *The Bellman*, total 53, 25 of distinction; *The Smart Set*, total 169, 49 of distinction.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Happy nation, whose "leading magazines" print 211 "distinctive poems" in one year! From these fortunately numerous 211 poems the cheerful critic selects and reprints the "seven best." POETRY would like to present these seven masterpieces as a Bostonian exhibit. Two of them are indeed by poets of some distinction, Mr. Robinson and Miss Cather, though *The Field of Glory* and *A Likeness* by no means represent them at their best. The other five represent current magazine poetry in its most banal mood of mediocrity. Of one of them, *November*, by Mahlon Leonard Fisher, the *Transcript's* critic of poetry says: "Not since Keats' *On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer* and Miss Reese's *Tears* has there appeared so fine a sonnet in English poetry." We quote the opening lines of this epoch-making production:

> Hark you such sound as quivers? Kings will hear,
> As kings have heard, and tremble on their thrones.

If this kind of opinionating passes for criticism in Boston, what can be expected of the shadowy region beyond the Alleghenies?

II

In a recent number of *The Poetry Review*, Mr. Herman Scheffauer lets himself go in a poem called *America Inarticulate*. Judging from the confusion of images and

rhetorical phrases naked with the shame of having served many masters, it might much better have been called *Inarticulate Scheffauer*. America's great sin is the lack of bards. Hear the voice of *this* bard:

> Thou at thy fiery breasts hast held me—
> Too bitter was the milk perchance!
> Would that the savage posset then had quelled me
> Ere wrath took sword my nursling peace to slay.

Let us pray, O my compatriots, for poets with stronger stomachs!

> Thou art so young, O soiled yet splendid mother!
> Art thou of song so fruitless, being young?
> Hath youth no magic shell for song,
> Nor ever a sybilline glory for thy tongue,
> No harp to whelm the roar of brazen hives,
> No anthem, no sonorous tubes to smother
> The clamor of the anvils, the mad throng
> Of hucksters and of silver-blasted lives? etc.

Not thus does the triumphant artist speak of his mother, his muse, or his mistress. But there is no rage like that of impotence.

A. C. H.

NOTES

Mr. Orrick Johns, who was born in St. Louis in 1887, was a journalist in that city when he received in 1912, the Lyric Year's first prize for his poem *Second Avenue*. A few months ago he removed to New York.

Mr. Robert Frost is a young American poet resident

in England. His first book, *A Boy's Will*, was issued in London a year ago by David Nutt. A second will soon appear. "H. D.", one of the *Imagistes*, is also a young American poet resident abroad.

Many volumes and countless articles have celebrated the Panama Canal, but our poets have had little to say. The ode in the present number is the only poem on the subject which has reached the office of POETRY.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Knave of Hearts, by Arthur Symons. John Lane Co.
The Wolf of Gubbio, by Josephine Preston Peabody. Houghten-Mifflin Co.
Mr. Faust, by Arthur Davison Ficke. Mitchell Kennerley.
The Forerunners: A Fancy, by Mary Ellis Robins. The Maverick Press.
"Bubbie": Being Rhymes by A Proud Parent. Privately printed.
Verses, by Marion Morgan Mulligan. Privately printed.
Sonnets from the Patagonian, by Donald Evans. Claire Marie, N. Y.
At the World's Heart, by Cale Young Rice. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Fugitive Poems and a Christmas Story, by Frank F. Woodall. Methodist Book Concern.
Fancies In Verse, and Other Books of Verse, by Pupils in the University of Chicago Elementary School.
The College Chaucer, by Henry Noble MacCracken. Yale University Press.
The Knights of the Chinese Dragon, and *The Gift of White Roses*, by James Cloyd Bowman. Privately printed.

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Poetry
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CHICAGO POEMS

CHICAGO

HOG Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys.
And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true I have seen the gunman kill and go free to kill again.
And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of women and children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.

And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my city, and I give them back the sneer and say to them:

Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.

Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall bold slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;

Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage pitted against the wilderness,

Bareheaded,

Shoveling,

Wrecking,

Planning,

Building, breaking, rebuilding,

Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,

Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,

Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,

Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and under his ribs the heart of the people,

Laughing!

Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked, sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation.

JAN KUBELIK

Your bow swept over a string, and a long low note
quivered to the air.
(A mother of Bohemia sobs over a new child perfect
learning to suck milk.)

Your bow ran fast over all the high strings fluttering
and wild.
(All the girls in Bohemia are laughing on a Sunday after-
noon in the hills with their lovers.)

THE HARBOR

Passing through huddled and ugly walls,
By doorways where women haggard
Looked from their hunger-deep eyes,
Haunted with shadows of hunger-hands,
Out from the huddled and ugly walls,
I came sudden, at the city's edge,
On a blue burst of lake,
Long lake waves breaking under the sun
On a spray-flung curve of shore;
And a fluttering storm of gulls,
Masses of great gray wings
And flying white bellies
Veering and wheeling free in the open.

THE HAMMER

I have seen
The old gods go
And the new gods come.

Day by day
And year by year
The idols fall
And the idols rise.

Today
I worship the hammer.

AT A WINDOW

Give me hunger,
O you gods that sit and give
The world its orders.
Give me hunger, pain and want,
Shut me out with shame and failure
From your doors of gold and fame,
Give me your shabbiest, weariest hunger!

But leave me a little love,
A voice to speak to me in the day end,
A hand to touch me in the dark room
Breaking the long loneliness.

In the dusk of day-shapes
Blurring the sunset,
One little wandering, western star
Thrust out from the changing shores of shadow.
Let me go to the window,
Watch there the day-shapes of dusk
And wait and know the coming
Of a little love.

LOST

Desolate and lone
All night long on the lake
Where fog trails and mist creeps,
The whistle of a boat
Calls and cries unendingly,
Like some lost child
In tears and trouble
Hunting the harbor's breast
And the harbor's eyes.

WHO AM I?

My head knocks against the stars.
My feet are on the hilltops.
My finger-tips are in the valleys and shores of universal life.
Down in the sounding foam of primal things I reach my hands and play with pebbles of destiny.

I have been to hell and back many times.
I know all about heaven, for I have talked with God.
I dabble in the blood and guts of the terrible.
I know the passionate seizure of beauty
And the marvelous rebellion of man at all signs reading "Keep Off."

My name is Truth and I am the most elusive captive in the universe.

MOMUS

Momus is the name men give your face,
The brag of its tone, like a long low steamboat whistle
Finding a way mid mist on a shoreland,
Where gray rocks let the salt water shatter spray
Against horizons purple, silent.

Yes, Momus,
Men have flung your face in bronze
To gaze in gargoyle downward on a street-whirl of folk.
They were artists did this, shaped your sad mouth,
Gave you a tall forehead slanted with calm, broad wisdom;
All your lips to the corners and your cheeks to the high bones

Thrown over and through with a smile that forever wishes
and wishes, purple, silent, fled from all the iron things
of life, evaded like a sought bandit, gone into dreams,
by God.

I wonder, Momus,
Whether shadows of the dead sit somewhere and look
with deep laughter
On men who play in terrible earnest the old, known,
solemn repetitions of history.
A droning monotone soft as sea laughter hovers from your
kindliness of bronze,
You give me the human ease of a mountain peak, purple,
silent;
Granite shoulders heaving above the earth curves,
Careless eye-witness of the spawning tides of men and
women
Swarming always in a drift of millions to the dust of toil,
the salt of tears,
And blood drops of undiminishing war.

THE ROAD AND THE END

I shall foot it
Down the roadway in the dusk,
Where shapes of hunger wander
And the fugitives of pain go by.

I shall foot it
In the silence of the morning,
See the night slur into dawn,
Hear the slow great winds arise
Where tall trees flank the way
And shoulder toward the sky.

The broken boulders by the road
Shall not commemorate my ruin.
Regret shall be the gravel under foot.
I shall watch for
Slim birds swift of wing
That go where wind and ranks of thunder
Drive the wild processionals of rain.

The dust of the travelled road
Shall touch my hands and face.

Carl Sandburg

LOVE SONGS

OLD LOVE AND NEW

In my heart the old love
 Struggled with the new,
It was ghostly waking
 All night through.

Dear things, kind things
 That my old love said,
Ranged themselves reproachfully
 Round my bed.

But I could not heed them,
 For I seemed to see
Dark eyes of my new love
 Fixed on me.

Old love, old love,
 How can I be true?
Shall I be faithless to myself
 Or to you?

OVER THE ROOFS

I said, "I have shut my heart,
As one shuts an open door,
That Love may starve therein
And trouble me no more."

But over the roofs there came
The wet new wind of May,
And a tune blew up from the curb
Where the street-pianos play.

My room was white with the sun
And Love cried out in me,
"I am strong, I will break your heart
Unless you set me free."

DEBT

What do I owe to you
Who loved me deep and long?
You never gave my spirit wings
Nor gave my heart a song.

But oh, to him I loved,
Who loved me not at all,
I owe the little open gate
That led through heaven's wall.

SEPTEMBER MIDNIGHT

Lyric night of the lingering Indian Summer,
Shadowy fields that are scentless but full of singing,
Never a bird, but the passionless chant of insects,
Ceaseless, insistent.

The grasshopper's horn, and far-off, high in the maples,
The wheel of a locust leisurely grinding the silence
Under a moon waning and worn, broken,
Tired with summer.

Let me remember you, voices of little insects,
Weeds in the moonlight, fields that are tangled with asters,
Let me remember, soon will the winter be on us,
Snow-hushed and heavy.

Over my soul murmur your mute benediction,
While I gaze, O fields that rest after harvest,
As those who part look long in the eyes they lean to,
Lest they forget them.

Sara Teasdale

SONGS

WHO LOVES THE RAIN

Who loves the rain,
And loves his home,
And looks on life with quiet eyes,
Him will I follow through the storm;
And at his hearth-fire keep me warm;
Nor hell nor heaven shall that soul surprise,
Who loves the rain,
And loves his home,
And looks on life with quiet eyes.

THE CHILD'S QUEST

My mother twines me roses wet with dew;
Oft have I sought the garden through and through;
I cannot find the tree whereon
My mother's roses grew.
Seek not, O child, the tree
Whereon thy mother's roses grew.

My mother tells me tales of noble deeds;
Oft have I sought her book when no one heeds;
I cannot find the page, alas,
From which my mother reads.
Seek not, O child, the page
From which thy mother reads.

My mother croons me songs all soft and low,
Through the white night where little breezes blow;
Yet never when the morning dawns,
My mother's songs I know.
Seek not, O child, at dawn of day
Thy mother's songs to know.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

The little white prayers
Of Elspeth Fry
Float up the arches
Into the sky.

A little black bird
On the belfry high
Pecks at them
As they go by.

SKELETONS

Gird thy warrior's armor on,
And fare thou forth thyself alone.

Empty frame upon the wall;
Secret presence in the hall;
In the closets we abide
Of the whole green country side.

Savage chief, who sold his wife,
Priest, who took a martyr's life.

Madman, raving of his gain;
Cruel pirate of the main;

Drunkard, fallen in her track;
Soldier, wounded in the back;

Scarlet letter, branded deep;
Just the tendency to sleep.

Empty frame upon the wall;
Secret presence in the hall;
In the closets we abide
Of the whole green country side.

STAR THOUGHT

I shall see a star tonight
From a distant mountain height;
From a city you will see
The same star that shines on me.

'Tis not of the firmament
On a solar journey bent;
Fixed it is through time and weather;—
'Tis a thought we hold together.

LITTLE PAGAN RAIN SONG

In the dark and peace of my final bed,
The wet grass waving above my head,
At rest from love, at rest from pain,
I lie and listen to the rain.

Falling, softly falling,
Song of my soul that is free;
Song of my soul that has not forgot
The sleeping body of me.

When quiet and calm and straight I lie,
High in the air my soul rides by:
Shall I await thee, soul, in vain?
Hark to the answer in the rain.

Falling, softly falling,
Song of my soul that is free;
Song of my soul that will not forget
The sleeping body of me.

Frances Shaw

EROS TURANNOS

She fears him, and will always ask
 What fated her to choose him;
She meets in his engaging mask
 All reasons to refuse him;
But what she meets and what she fears
Are less than are the downward years,
Drawn slowly to the foamless weirs
 Of age, were she to lose him.

Between a blurred sagacity
 That once had power to sound him,
And Love, that will not let him be
 The seeker that she found him,
Her pride assuages her, almost,
As if it were alone the cost.
He sees that he will not be lost,
 And waits, and looks around him.

A sense of ocean and old trees
 Envelops and allures him;
Tradition, touching all he sees
 Beguiles and reassures him;
And all her doubts of what he says
Are dimmed with what she knows of days,
Till even prejudice delays,
 And fades—and she secures him.

The falling leaf inaugurates
 The reign of her confusion;
The pounding wave reverberates
 The crash of her illusion;
And home, where passion lived and died,
Becomes a place where she can hide,—
While all the town and harbor side
 Vibrate with her seclusion.

We tell you, tapping on our brows,
 The story as it should be,—
As if the story of a house
 Were told, or ever could be;
We'll have no kindly veil between
Her visions and those we have seen,—
As if we guessed what hers have been
 Or what they are, or would be.

Meanwhile, we do no harm; for they
 That with a god have striven,
Not hearing much of what we say,
 Take what the god has given;
Though like waves breaking it may be,
Or like a changed familiar tree,
Or like a stairway to the sea,
 Where down the blind are driven.

Edwin Arlington Robinson

THREE IRISH SPINNING SONGS

I

A young girl sings:
The Lannan Shee*
Watched the young man Brian
Cross over the stile towards his father's door,
And she said, "No help,
For now he'll see
His byre, his bawn and his threshing floor!
And oh, the swallows
Forget all wonders
When walls with the nests rise up before."
My strand is knit.

"Out of the dream
Of me, into
The round of his labor he will grow;
To spread his fields
In the winds of Spring,
And tramp the heavy glebe and sow;
And cut and clamp
And rear the turf
Until the season when they mow."
My wheel runs smooth.

*The Lannan Shee is the Faery Mistress of Irish peasant romance.

"And while he toils
In field and bog
He will be anxious in his mind—
About the thatch
Of barn and rick
Against the reiving autumn wind,
And how to make
His gap and gate
Secure against the thieving kind."
My wool is fine.

"He has gone back
And I'll see no more
Mine image in his deepening eyes;
Then I'll lean above
The Well of the Bride,
And with my beauty peace will rise!
O autumn star
In a hidden lake,
Fill up my heart and make me wise!"
My quick brown wheel!

"The women bring
Their pitchers here
At the time when the stir of the house is o'er;
They'll see my face
In the well-water,
And they'll never lift their vessels more.

For each will say
'How beautiful—
Why should I labor any more!
Indeed I come
Of so fair a race
'Twere waste to labor any more!' "
My thread is spun.

II

An elder girl sings:
One came before her and said beseeching,
"I have fortune and I have lands,
And if you'll share in the goods of my household
All my treasure's at your commands."

But she said to him, "The goods you proffer
Are far from my mind as the silk of the sea!
The arms of him, my young love, round me
Is all the treasure that's true for me!"

"Proud you are then, proud of your beauty,
But beauty's a flower will soon decay;
The fairest flowers they bloom in the Summer,
They bloom one Summer and they fade away."

"My heart is sad then for the little flower
That must so wither where fair it grew—
He who has my heart in keeping,
I would he had my body too."

III

An old woman sings:

There was an oul' trooper went riding by
On the road to Carricknabauna,
And sorrow is better to sing than cry
On the way to Carricknabauna!
And as the oul' trooper went riding on
He heard this sung by a crone, a crone
On the road to Carricknabauna!

"I'd spread my cloak for you, young lad
Were it only the breadth of a farthen'
And if your mind was as good as your word,
In troth, it's you I'd rather!
In dread of any jealousy,
And before we go any farther
Carry me up to the top of the hill
And show me Carricknabauna!"

"Carricknabauna, Carricknabauna,
Would you show me Carricknabauna?
I lost a horse at Cruckmoylinn—
At the Cross of Bunratty I dropped a limb—
But I left my youth on the crown of the hill
Over by Carricknabauna!"
Girls, young girls, the rush-light is done.
What will I do when my thread is spun?

THE SEA BIRD TO THE WAVE

On and on
O white brother!
Thunder does not daunt thee!
How thou movest!
By thine impulse—
With no wing!
Fairest thing
The wide sea shows me!
On and on
O white brother!
Art thou gone!

Padraic Colum

EDITORIAL COMMENT

VERS LIBRE AND METRICAL PROSE

IT IS the fashion today to call everything which is without metre *vers libre*. According to those who most use this term, *vers libre* fades imperceptibly into prose, and in some cases, indeed, to the lay mind, it actually is prose. The object of this article is to establish a division in the spectrum of word-values, and to show how the extreme of prose at one end changes to the extreme of poetry at the other, through the grades of "metrical prose," and "*vers libre*." Unless we adopt Mallarmé's definition that "all prose which has style is poetry," we must recognize the fact that there are at least two steps between pure prose and pure poetry.

The term *vers libre* originated in France, and was adopted to describe the revolt against the cut-and-dried rules of French versification. To a Frenchman of the classic tradition, almost all the poetry in the English language would be *vers libre*. In order to make this clear, let me state the principal rules of French classic verse. French is a language without accent, and the French "foot" is one sound or syllable. The classic French metre is the hexameter, so called although it consists of twelve feet. It has a marked caesura in the middle.

Other metres are used, but although they each contain the requisite number of feet, as do our English metres, the feet can often be discerned only by counting them, so little does the stress appear. Mute syllables are pronounced before a consonant, not before a vowel, which again adds a certain stilted and unreal effect. It is imperative that the rhymes should alternate masculine and feminine endings, feminine endings being those words which finish with a mute syllable. It will be seen at a glance how difficult it is to escape monotony with such firm and inelastic rules.

The Frenchman, therefore, would consider all our verse *vers libre*, as it is so much freer, and permits of so much more change, than his. In trying to adopt his term we are led into a difficulty, because in endeavoring to be freer than we were, we often overstep and land in the division of metrical prose.

Metrical prose existed long before the term *vers libre* came into use. But many people consider the two phrases interchangeable, the latter being merely more up to date. As a matter of fact they are not. The French themselves have *prose rythmée;* it was this very prose which Mallarmé referred to when he spoke of *prose stylée*, or styled prose. It is in metrical prose that he did much of his work, for he caught its true cadence as few writers have done. But, true to his belief that styled prose is poetry, he confined to that his use of free metres, and did not employ *vers libre*, practically all of his verse being

written in the classic hexameter. Take this passage from *Frisson d'Hiver:*

Cette pendule de Saxe, qui retarde et sonne treize heures parmi ses fleurs et ses dieux, à qui a-t-elle été? Pense qu'elle est venue de Saxe par les longues diligences autrefois.

Now as an example of *vers libre*, let us take the following quotation from Fernand Gregh:

Mais à mon tour j'aurai connu le goût chaud de la vie:
J'aurai miré dans ma prunelle,
Petite minute éblouie,
La grande lumière éternelle;
Mais j'aurai bonne joie au grand festin sacré;
Que voudrais-je de plus?
J'aurai vécu.
Et je mourrai.

It is not the presence of rhyme in the one and the absence of it in the other, which makes the real difference. It is what one of POETRY's contributors has called "the divisions of rhythmic wave lengths." I prefer to call these wave lengths simply curves. And I wish to show that it is the length and sharpness of the curve, which makes the difference between *vers libre* and metrical prose.

The rhythm of prose is long and slightly curved, the rhythm of verse very much shorter, with a tendency to return back upon itself. For instance, this passage from *Julius Caesar:*

Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

The line of stress is long, and with no distinct harking back. On the other hand:

> Yankee Doodle came to town
> Riding on a pony;
> Stuck a feather in his hat
> And called it macaroni.

Here the curve is short and choppy, and returns on itself by the rhymes. The desire to return upon itself is one of the most characteristic traits of verse. To that is due the rhyme, the refrain (so usual in folk-poetry), and all the meaningless words of repetition like fol-de-riddle-lol, and the French *dondaine*. When there is very little metre and no rhyme, as in much oriental poetry, the return is effected by the repetition of certain words. So positive a characteristic of poetry is this, in all ages and in all countries, that the distinction between poetry and prose would seem to consist more in this quality of *return*, than in the lengths of the curve, or wave length. Sometimes the return is indicated more in idea than in absolute words, but in poetry it is always present in some form, to give the balance which produces the effect of music on the ear.

Now as prose is a long curve with very little return, and poetry is a much shorter curve with a very sharp return; so metrical prose may be considered as a slightly more curved line than is usual in prose, with a return beginning to be felt, and *vers libre* as curving still more markedly, and the return becoming pronounced.

To cite an example from Walt Whitman:

> The migrating flock of wild geese alighting in autumn to refresh themselves, the body of the flock feed, the sentinels outside move around with erect heads watching, and are from time to time reliev'd by other sentinels—and I feeding . ad taking turns with the rest.

This is metrical prose. The curve is very long, but the return is quite evident.

On the other hand, Edward Carpenter in *Towards Democracy* has:

> I look upon my life as from afar:
> I hear its murmur, mark its changeful sheen,
> (As one who from a high cliff marks the waves
> He just now rode on),
> Beautiful, gleaming, shot with hues from heaven,
> With strange pale lustre—beautiful indeed,
> O God, from this great eminence of Death.

which is distinctly *vers libre*. The curve is much shorter, and the return excessively marked.

French a ıd English are interestingly differentiated in the fact that it is easier to find examples of *vers libre* in French, and of metrical prose in English. The unaccented French language instantly becomes *vers libre*, when it departs from the props and stays of classic tradition; while in English the distinction between free verse and metrical prose is so slight that it requires a very delicate ear to detect the difference. The great poets of the nineteenth and preceding centuries contain no example, so far as I know. It is a modern metre, and must be sought among the moderns.

Henri de Régnier is one of the greatest writers of *vers libre*. His *Le Vase* is a perfect example of the metre.

To quote a stanza in the middle of the poem:

Le vase naissait dans la pierre faconnée.
Svelte et pur il avait grandi
Informe encore en sa sveltesse,
Et j'attendis,
Les mains oisives et inquiètes,
Pendant des jours, tournant la tete
A gauche, à droit, au moindre bruit,
Sans plus polir la panse ou lever le marteau.
L'eau
Coulait de la fontaine comme haletante.
Dans le silence
J'entendais, un à un, aux arbres du verger,
Les fruits tomber de branche en branche;
Je respirais un parfum messager
De fleurs lointaines sur le vent;
Souvent,
Je croyais qu'on avait parlé bas,
Et, un jour que je rêvais—ne dormant pas—
J'entendis par delà les prés et la rivière
Chanter des flûtes. . .

Then there is an excellent example in English in Fiona Macleod's *The Founts of Song:*

"Oh, Poet," said the Pine,
"Thine
Is that song,
Not mine!
I have known it, loved it, long!
Nothing I know of what the wild winds cry
Through dusk and storm and night,
Or prophesy
When tempests whirl us with their awful might.
Only, I know that when
The poet's voice is heard
Among the woods
The infinite pain from out the hearts of men
Is sweeter than the voice of wave or branch or bird
In these dumb solitudes."

In both these cases there is rhyme. And the French almost always rhyme their *vers libre*, even when it is written as plain prose. For instance, Paul Fort's *Sur le Pont au Change:*

Sept heures vont sonner à l'horloge du Palais. — L'occident, sur Paris, est comme un lac d'or plein. Dans l'est nuageux gronde un orage incertain. L'air est chaud par bouffées, à peine l'on respire. Et je songe à Manon et deux fois je soupire. L'air est chaud par bouffées et berce l'odeur large de ces fleurs qu'on écrase. . . On soupire en voyant de frais courants violets s'étirer sous les arches du Pont-Neuf qui poudroie sur le soleil mourant.—"Tu le sais, toi, Manon, si je t'ai bien aimée!" L'orage gronde au loin. L'air est chaud par bouffées.

This is written as metrical prose, but on account of the constantly recurring rhyme it seems to be distinctly *vers libre.*

A remarkable example of unrhymed *vers libre* is Remy de Gourmont's *Litanies de la Rose:*

Fleur hypocrite,
Fleur du silence.
Rose couleur de cuivre, plus frauduleuse que nos joies, rose couleur de cuivre, embaume-nous dans tes mensonges, fleur hypocrite, fleur du silence,—

where the return is so happily got by the repetition of words. I am sorry that space forbids its quotation entire.

One more example of metrical prose from *The House of Usna*, by Fiona Macleod:

I am the voice of the House of Usna. I am the voice in the wind crying for ever and ever: "Kings shall lie in the dust: great princes shall be brought to shame; the champions of the mighty shall be as swordsmen waving reeds, as spearmen spearing the grass, as men pursuing and wooing shadows!"

The question is so much a matter of ear, that it is only by examples that it can really be illustrated. But anyone who takes the trouble to read these quotations aloud and listen attentively will instantly feel the difference between them, and detect the subtle and delicate gradations by which they fade into poetry at one end and prose at the other. *Amy Lowell*

HOMAGE TO WILFRID BLUNT

On Sunday, January 18th, a committee of poets—Messrs. W. B. Yeats, T. Sturge Moore, Frederic Manning, John Masefield, Victor Plarr, F. S. Flint, Richard Aldington and Ezra Pound—presented to Wilfrid Scawen Blunt "in token of homage," a reliquary carved in Pentelican marble by the brilliant young sculptor Gaudier Brzeska, ornamented with a female nude recumbent and an inscription, "Homage to Wilfrid Blunt."

Mr. Blunt is perhaps known in America rather for his various political martyrdoms than for his poems. His claims upon posterity would, however, be sufficiently established if he had written no more than the double sonnet *With Esther:*

> He who has once been happy is for aye
> Out of destruction's reach. His fortune then
> Holds nothing secret; and Eternity,
> Which is a mystery to other men,
> Has like a woman given him its joy.
> Time is his conquest. Life, if it should fret,
> Has paid him tribute. He can bear to die,

He who has once been happy! When I set
The world before me and survey its range,
Its mean ambitions, its scant fantasies,
The shreds of pleasure, which for lack of change
Men wrap around them and call happiness,
The poor delights which are the tale and sum
Of the world's courage in its martyrdom;

When I hear laughter from a tavern door,
When I see crowds agape and in the rain
Watching on tiptoe and with stifled roar
To see a rocket fired or a bull slain,
When misers handle gold, when orators
Touch strong men's hearts with glory till they weep,
When cities deck their streets for barren wars
Which have laid waste their youth, and when I keep
Calmly the count of my own life and see
On what poor stuff my manhood's dreams were fed
Till I too learn'd what dole of vanity
Will serve a human soul for daily bread—
Then I remember that I once was young
And lived with Esther the world's gods among.

Mr. Blunt is about the last man who has been able to use the old-fashioned Elizabethan "grand style" effectively.

The reliquary contained the following verses of homage signed by the committee:

Because you have gone your individual gait,
Written fine verses, made mock of the world,
Swung the grand style, not made a trade of art,
Upheld Mazzini and detested institutions;

We, who are little given to respect,
Respect you, and having no better way to show it,
Bring you this stone to be some record of it.

Beneath this there was an interesting collection of manuscripts: Mr. Manning's *Koré*, Mr. Plarr's *Epita-*

phium Cytheristriae from the first book of the old Rhymers' Club, Mr. Moore's *The Dying Swan*, an unpublished poem by Mr. Yeats called *When Helen Lived, The Return*, Mr. Masefield's *Truth*, Mr. Flint's *Third Poem in Unrhymed Cadence*, and Mr. Aldington's *In Via Sistina*.

Mr. Blunt said, in his speech of acceptance, that this was the first time in his life that any admiration of his poetry had been expressed to him; that he had been honored only as a politician and as a breeder of horses.

The committee had proposed a large dinner of honor, but Mr. Blunt pleaded age as an excuse, and preferred to receive the committee in private. This he did with great charm, regaling us with the roast flesh of peacocks at Newbuildings, a sixteenth-century defensible grange in Sussex.

Had he accepted the dinner he might have had about him all the reputable poets of England, save those who hold official positions; for he is a little Englander and has never ceased to protest against the tyrannies and swindles of the Empire, "a Semitic invention of Disraeli's." As it was, the committee may be considered representative of the present vitality of English verse, although there were, among the younger men, unavoidable omissions, as follows: Mr. D. H. Lawrence, who is in Italy; Mr. Padraic Colum, now in Ireland; Mr. James Joyce, in Austria; and Mr. Rupert Brooke, somewhere in the South Pacific. Still it was a fairly complete sort of tribute, representing no one clique or style but a

genuine admiration for the power behind all expression, for the spirit behind the writing.

Mr. Yeats, replying for the committee, summarized this admiration as follows:

> When you published your first work, it was at the very height of the Victorian period. The abstract poet was in a state of glory. One no longer wrote as a human being, with an address, living in a London street, having a definite income, and a definite tradition, but one wrote as an abstract personality. One was expected to be very much wiser than other people. . . The only objection to such a conception of the poet was that it was impossible to believe he existed. . . Now instead of abstract poetry, you wrote verses which were good poetry because they were, first of all, fine things to have thought or to have said in some real situation in life. . . We are now at the end of Victorian romance—completely at an end. One may admire Tennyson, but one can not read him. . . If I take up today some of the things that interested me in the past I can no longer use them. They bore me. Every year some part of my poetical machinery suddenly becomes of no use. . .

Stendhal said it some time ago, and said it rather better, for he was writing instead of speaking impromptu:

> *La poésie, avec ses comparaisons obligées, sa mythologie que ne croit pas le poète, sa dignité de style à la Louis XIV, et tout l'attirail de ses ornements appelés poétiques, est bien au-dessous de la prose dès qu'il s'agit de donner une idée claire at précise des mouvements du coeur; or, dans ce genre, on n'émeut que par la clarté.*

It is poetry's job to catch up.

For an unabridged account of the speeches see *The Egoist* for February 1st.

Ezra Pound

NOTES

Mr. Carl Sandburg, of Chicago, was born of Swedish parents in Galesburg, Illinois. He left school at the age of thirteen, and worked in brickyards, railroads, Kansas wheat fields, etc. He served as a private in Porto Rico in 1898. Of late he has worked for various newspapers, being at present an editorial writer for the *Day Book*.

Miss Sara Teasdale, of St. Louis, is the author of *Sonnets to Duse* (Poet-Lore Co., 1907), *Helen of Troy and Other Poems* (Putnam, 1911), and of many poems in magazines.

Frances Shaw (Mrs. Howard Shaw), of Chicago, has published little verse as yet.

Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, of New York, was born in Maine and educated there and at Harvard. His books of verse are *The Children of the Night* (Badger, 1897), *Captain Craig* and *The Town Down the River* (Scribner, 1902 and 1910).

Mr. Padraic Colum, the young Irish poet, is the author of *Wild Earth* (Maunsel) and of a number of plays for the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Uncommon Commoner, by Edmund Vance Cooke. Dodge Publishing Co.
Beyond the Stars, and Other Poems, by Charles Hanson Towne. Mitchell Kennerley.
Brunelleschi, by John Galen Howard. John Howell, San Francisco.
Paul Verlaine, by Stefan Zweig; translated by O. F. Theis. John W. Luce.
Yale Book of American Verse, edited by Thomas R. Lounsbury. Yale University Press.
Oscar Wilde: Art and Morality, by Stuart Mason. Frank Palmer, London.
La Mauvaise Aventure, by A. M. Gossez. Georges Cres et Cie.
Home-Made Verse, by Dwight Burdge. Privately Printed.
Occasional Verses, by Arthur St. Clair Brooke. T. Fisher Unwin.
The Collected Poems of Margaret L. Woods. John Lane.
The Wine-Press, by Alfred Noyes. Frederick Stokes & Co.
Celtic Memories, by Norreys Jephson O'Connor. John Lane Co.
The Flight, and Other Poems, by George Edward Woodberry. Macmillan.
What Can Literature Do For Me?, by C. Alphonso Smith. Doubleday Page and Co.
English Lyrical Poetry, by Edward Bliss Reed. Yale University Press.
The Court of the King, by Margaret Benson. T. Fisher Union.
The Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont, D. D., by Eloise Robinson. Houghton Mifflin Company.
The Foothills of Parnassus, by John Kendrick Bangs. Macmillan Co.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED

UNITED STATES.

New York: *The Century; The Forum; Scribner's Magazine; Current Opinion; The Literary Digest; The Nation; The International; The Survey; The Woman's Home Companion; The Edison Monthly; The Colonade.*
Chicago: *The Dial, System, Drama.*
Philadelphia: *The Conservator.*
Boston: *The Print Collector's Quarterly.*
Portland, Maine: *The Bibelot.*
Woodstock, N. Y.: *The Wild Hawk.*
New Haven, Conn.: *The Yale Review.*
Tampa, Fla.: *The Poet and Philosopher.*

FOREIGN.

Paris: *La Vie des Lettres*—Nicolas Beauduin, Directeur; *La Renaissance Contemporaine; Poème et Drame; Les Bandeaux d'Or; Mercure de France; L'Effort Libre; Les Poètes; L'Ile Sonnante.*
London: *Poetry and Drama*, Harold Monro, editor; *Poetry Review*, Stephen Philips, editor; *Rhythm; The British Review; The Egoist.*
Wellington, New Zealand: *The Triad.*

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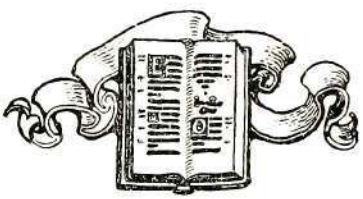
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Errata:
Page 150, line 15—for *errors* read *error*.
Page 154, line 10—for *ears* read *tongues*.

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